The King of Anticosti

Who Started the Boy Scouts?

Rocky Mountain Woman

The Beaver

CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZI

June | July 2007

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The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

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Canada

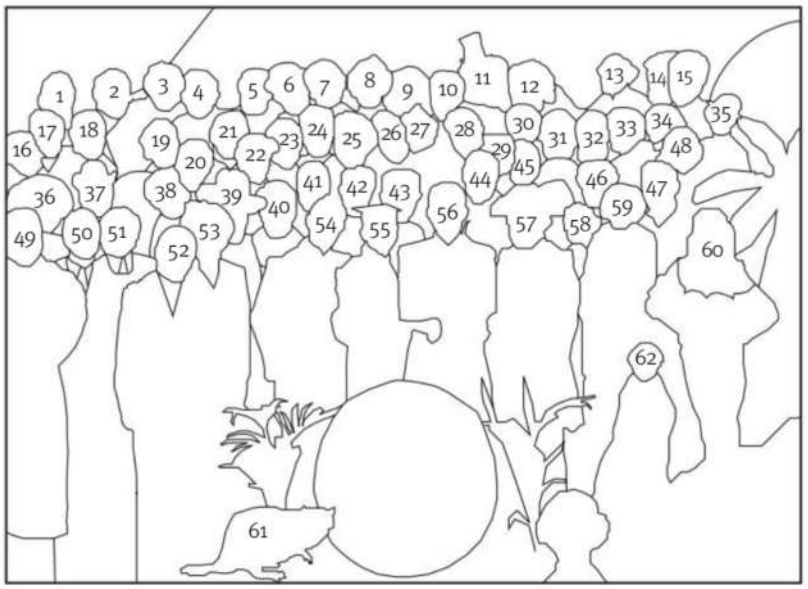
Guaranteed to raise a smile

THOMAS FRICKE

Tucked into the corner of my office bulletin board is a sign that says, "Whims have great weight." It was an exercise in calligraphy by a cousin of mine in California, and she attributed the saying to Pascal. Google couldn't confirm this, however – at least not to philosopher and mathematician Blaise Pascal, though perhaps my cousin's erudite drycleaner, Sam Pascal, uttered it while handing back her laundry. At any rate, provenance aside, whims do have great weight – or at least a modicum of weight – which accounts in part for this issue's cover. It started as a whim. The soundtrack to the summer of 1967 was *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. The summer of 1967 was the summer of Expo. If A equals B, and A equals C, then B must equal C. What started as whim soon bowed before the inevitability (and weight) of Pascal (Blaise)-approved mathematics: Tribute to Expo 67 could only be twinned with homage to the iconic record.

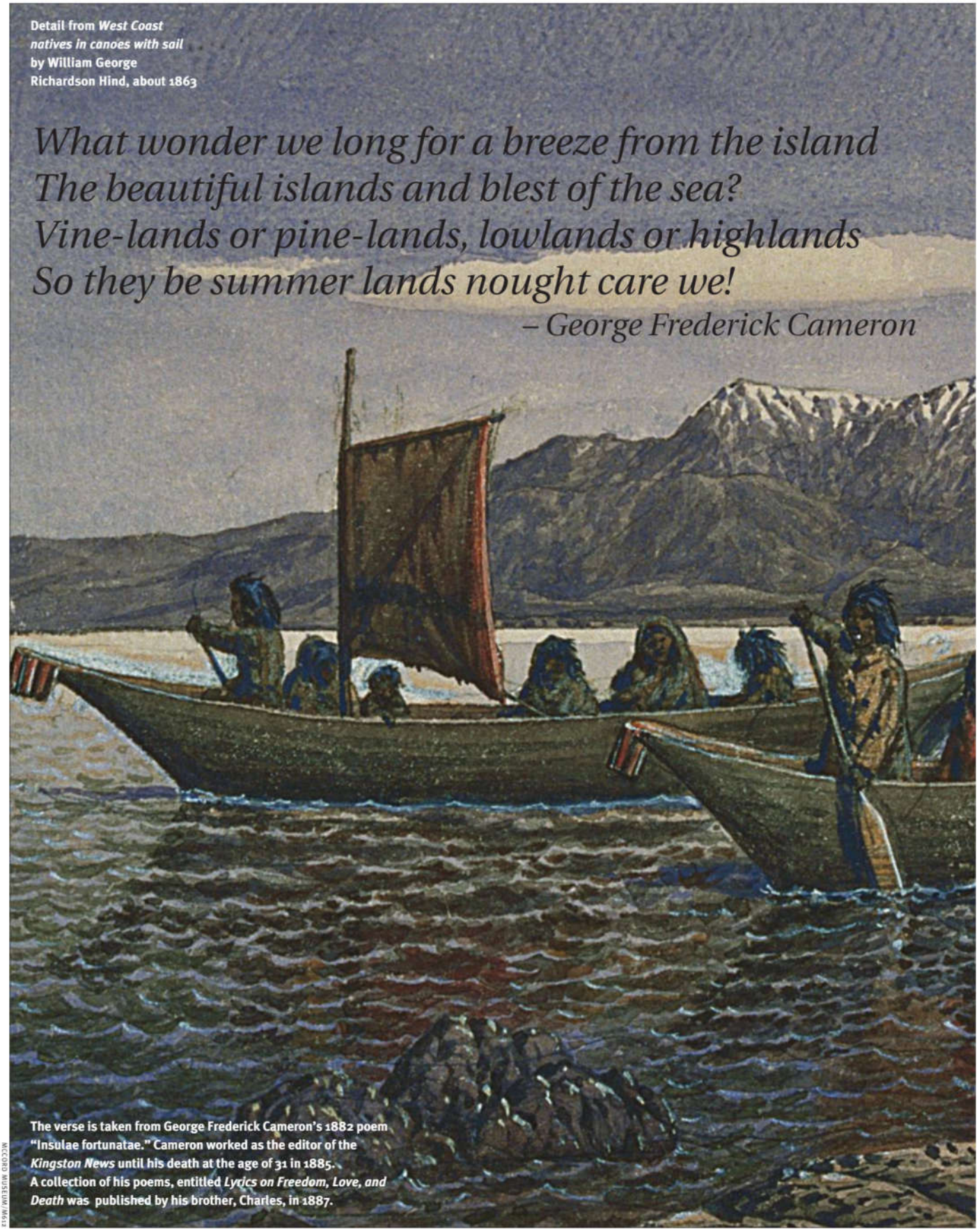
The *Sgt. Pepper* artwork was innovative and unusual. The album opened like a book (it was one of the first "gatefold" album covers) but there was no legend inside, and so if you were around in that summer, in some mental state or other, you had your work cut out for you trying to identify the seventy or so famous people on the cover. Here at Sgt. Beaver, however, we thought we'd be more kind. See below.

Doug Whiteway
Editor
editors@historysociety.ca



1) Alexander Mackenzie 2) John Molson 3) Jeanne Sauvé 4) Mr. Dressup 5) Jacques Plante 6) Brian Mulroney 7) Wilfrid Laurier 8) Louis Riel 9) Bonhomme Carnaval 10) Paul Anka 11) Happy Rock 12) La Bolduc 13) John A. Macdonald 14) Jacques Cartier 15) Leonard Cohen 16) James Wolfe 17) Pierre Berton 18) William Lyon Mackenzie King 19) Tommy Douglas 20) Jean Chrétien 21) A.Y. Jackson 22) Peter C. Newman 23) Maurice Duplessis 24) Bruce Cockburn 25) Louis-Joseph de Montcalm 26) Deborah Morrison 27)Louis-Joseph Papineau 28) Robert Borden 29) Pierre Elliott Trudeau 30) John Abbott 31) Patof 32) Alexander Graham Bell 33) Glenn Gould 34) Jeanne Mance 35) Elizabeth II 36) Anne of Green Gables 37) Catherine Tekakwitha 38) Giovanni Caboto 39) John Diefenbaker 40) Mordecai Richler 41) Conrad Black 42) Jim Carey 43) Boris Karloff 44) René Lévesque 45) Marshall McLuhan 46) Émile Nelligan 47) Maurice Richard 48) Samuel de Champlain 49) Oscar Peterson 50) Murdoch Davis 51) Chris Dafoe 52) Doug Whiteway 53) Annalee Greenberg 54) Pierre Dupuy 55) Jean Drapeau 56) Lester B. Pearson 57) Edward Churchill 58) Jeffrey Amherst 59) Emily Carr 60) Expo 67 Hostess 61) Bucky 62) Casey

COVER: MICHEL GROLEAU

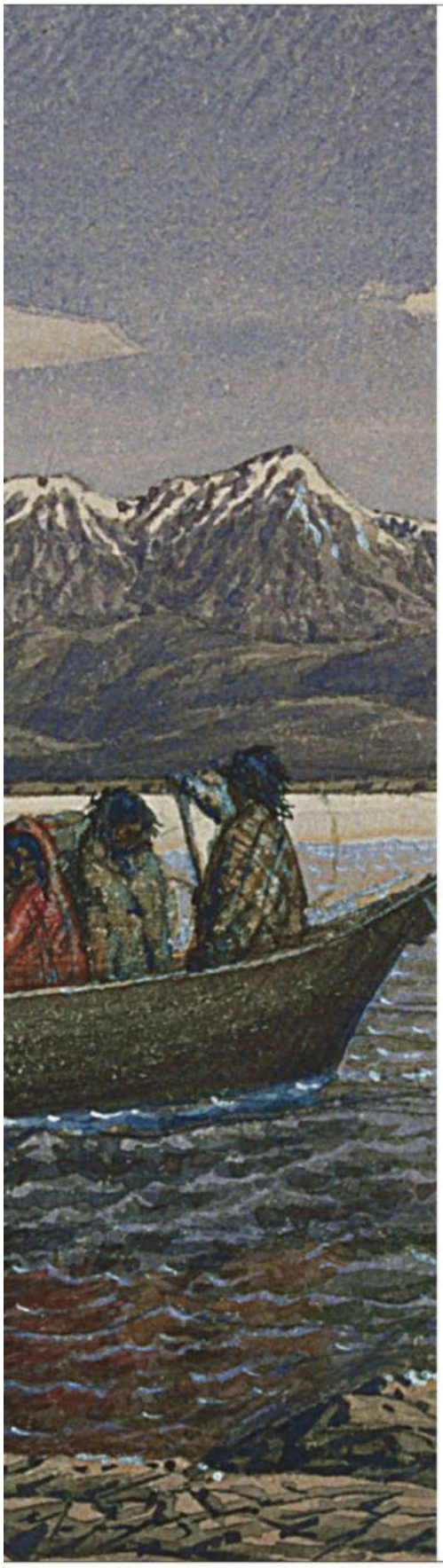


Detail from *West Coast natives in canoes with sail* by William George Richardson Hind, about 1863

What wonder we long for a breeze from the island
The beautiful islands and blest of the sea?
Vine-lands or pine-lands, lowlands or highlands
So they be summer lands nought care we!
– George Frederick Cameron

The verse is taken from George Frederick Cameron's 1882 poem "Insulae fortunatae." Cameron worked as the editor of the *Kingston News* until his death at the age of 31 in 1885. A collection of his poems, entitled *Lyrics on Freedom, Love, and Death* was published by his brother, Charles, in 1887.

MCCORD MUSEUM M313



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Letters

Call the exterminator

The April/May issue article about the Kenora Thistles ["When Rats Ruled the Rink"] makes a big deal about the Rat Portage/Rink rat pun. The Rat Portage post office and more than likely the town, such as it was, had its name changed to Keewatin in 1880. In 1904 "Kenora" was formed out of the names Keewatin, Norman (a lumber manager), and east Rat Portage; however, Keewatin was a separate town until 2001. Perhaps the Thistles should have been called the Keewatin Thistles. I think therefore that the term "Rat Portage" Thistles is a bit of a stretch.

PETER VOTH
AJAX, ONTARIO

Revisiting Vimy Revisited

I was fascinated by the experiences of the descendants of World War I veterans in the article "Vimy Revisited" in the April/May 2007 issue. My own father did fight at Vimy, as well as serving overseas throughout World War II. I was even more fascinated to see the sidebar on page 36, of the "South Saskatchewan Battalion," as I was myself an officer in the South Saskatchewan Regiment in World War II from late August 1944 to mid-June 1945, when I was transferred to command a company of 4 Regina Rifles in the Canadian Army Occupation Force.

I should point out that the "South Saskatchewan Battalion" as such (the 152nd Battalion C.E.F.) did not fight at Vimy. On arrival overseas in 1916, it was broken up, as almost all the militia units of the time were, to serve as reinforcements to existing battalions, the 4th, 5th, 28th, and 102nd Battalions in the 1st, 2nd, and 4th Canadian Divisions. Many of the men did fight at Vimy with these units.

As one of the official historians of the South Saskatchewans, I can comprehend and sympathize with the 91.3 percent casualties. Many of the World War I units had that many and more. However, to keep things in perspective with respect to the World War II version of the South Saskatchewans, which fought with 2nd Canadian Division, I should point out that 37 officers suffered 150 recorded casualties and 796 soldiers and noncommissioned officers suffered 1,875 casualties. We were amongst the highest of casualty rates. Some uninformed persons have interpreted this to mean we were badly led, or incompetent. In fact, we seemed to be placed against some of the best of the SS and paratroop units of the German Army, who were pretty well trained, and very experienced. We *did* eventually beat them, I should point out.

CECIL E. LAW
FORMER CAPTAIN, S SASK R
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

Capital challenge

Regarding the claim in "Society revitalizes Fort Point" in Currents (April/May 2007) that the first capital of New France, Fort Ste. Marie de Grace, was built in 1632: There were *two* colonies in New France – Canada and Acadia. Each was administered separately by Paris. In 1632, Quebec had been the "capital" (much too grand a word; "administrative centre" or "regional seat" would probably be sounder) of Canada for decades. La Have [the later name for Fort Ste. Marie de Grace] was the "capital" of Acadia for four years from 1632. Before and after that period, Port Royal was the "capital" – also founded by Champlain (and Pierre du Gua, Sieur de Monts). The "capital" of Acadia was moved back to Port Royal because, as it was graphically proved, La Have was far too exposed to the depredations of the piratical English.

CHARLES CONN
MISSISSAUGA, ONTARIO

The lead item in Currents in April/May 2007 ("Society revitalizes Fort Point") states: "In 1604, cartographer Samuel de Champlain sighted his first piece of North America – a point of land on the south shore of what became Nova Scotia that he and expedition leader Pierre de Gua, Sieur du Monts [*sic*], named Cap de la Hève."

One can quibble about a much earlier "first" for Champlain, since he was in the Spanish Caribbean from 1599 to 1601 and the disputed document "Brief Discours" has him tromping around Mexico and sighting Florida on the way home. But there's no doubt that he saw and explored eastern North America in 1603.

As for the naming of Cap de la Hève, the credit probably doesn't belong to Champlain, or to Pierre du Gua, Sieur de Monts. Champlain only notes (in *Les Voyages*), "On the 8th of the same month, we sighted Cap de la Hève..." Independent French and Basque fishermen and traders were well acquainted with this coast, and may have been visiting the area for generations. Some of the natives at Port de la Hève, ancestors of the Mi'kmaq, could already speak French; their chief, Messamouet, had even visited France in the company of an independent French trader and been entertained by the governor of Bayonne by the time Champlain and de Monts showed up.

As Gary Malone is quoted in the item, "The South Shore is rich in history and natural beauty." We need to remember that Champlain's history in North America predates Cap de la Hève, and that Cap de la Hève's history predates Champlain.

DOUGLAS HUNTER
PORT MCNICOLL, ONTARIO

The departmental perspective

According to Christopher Moore ["The Huron Perspective," April/May 2007], Eldon Yellowhorn, who teaches archaeology at Simon Fraser University, observes that "Archaeology as a discipline has never been at the forefront of social advocacy for the people whose antiquity is the subject of research."

Indeed such is the case, unless archaeology is transferred to the faculty of social work.

DOUGLAS L. MARTIN
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Truth in art

I'd like to thank you for the article on Yukon's Fort Selkirk ["Yukon Rising" April/May 2007], which was well written and researched. Unfortunately, *The Beaver*'s careful attention to detail and historical accuracy didn't apply to the treatment of the accompanying photographs.

The trouble begins on the article's first two pages. What appears to be a sun has been inserted into the right side of the photo, no doubt to play on the "Yukon Rising" headline. I've spent a lot of time at Fort Selkirk, and I can assure you that the sun does not rise or set in this location. Keen-eyed readers will also notice that the scene is lit from the front. The image as altered clearly defies the laws of physics.

Photoshop manipulation also occurs on the article's final page, and in this case there is some drastic surgery. The bell tower on St. Andrew's Anglican Church (at right) has been completely removed, along with the very large spruce tree that grows just in front of the building. This tower is clearly visible in the "sunrise" photo on page 31, as is the *lower half* of the spruce tree. (The upper half has been removed to make room for the "sun.") This tree was planted very soon after the building was built in 1931.

I realize that *The Beaver* sometimes touches up older photos to remove scratches and other marks, but this type of image manipulation is clearly in another category. The images, as you have published them, do not represent an accurate journalistic record of Fort Selkirk.

The guiding principle for making any alterations to a photo should be truth. All of us here at the Yukon Historic Sites Unit were surprised, to say the least, that Canada's History Magazine would choose to remove important character-defining elements from a historic building, apparently in order to make room for text. This type of manipulation can only lead to growing public doubts about all photo authenticity in any publication.

And one final note: The cutline for the photo on pp. 30–31 is incorrect. The photo is of the Rectory and St. Andrew's Church. The cutline that you ran belongs with the altered image on page 35.

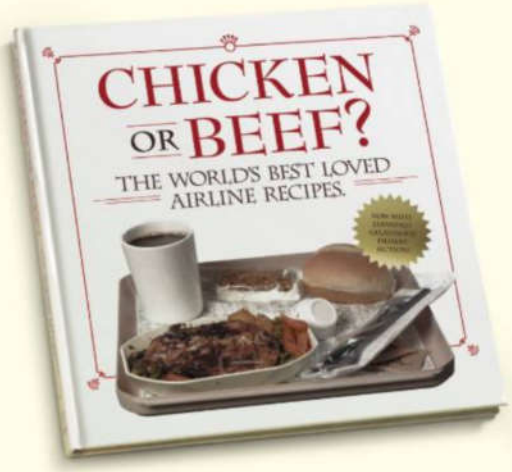
DOUG OLYNYK
YUKON HISTORIC SITES MANAGER
WHITEHORSE, YUKON

[*Ed:* The Beaver *apologizes for the alterations and the potential for misrepresentation of Fort Selkirk they created. The incident has sparked a review of our design policies and procedures in this era of digital photo restoration and enhancement. Historical accuracy will, as always, be our first concern. The original photos are found above.*]

YUKON GOVERNMENT

YUKON GOVERNMENT

***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.



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QUÉBEC 1608-2008

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The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

Currents

Living History

Recovering from the flood

Conservator Nicole Christie worked with her team to save irreplaceable images from destruction.

GARY MULCAHY

NICOLE CHRISTIE, CONSERVATOR AT THE Peterborough Centennial Museum and Archives, wanted to cry when she first saw the destruction of the temporary storage facility located in the local library. "There was no power, so it was dark, musty, and gross. Stuff was floating around. There was a queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach, but there wasn't much we could do at the time. With the whole city flooded, we couldn't even start pumping the water out, as it would only have been replaced with sewage water." They had done a full audit of the 30,000 images from the Roy Studio collection, which they had purchased in 2000, for an appraisal, but they didn't know exactly what was sitting under water.

The floodwaters crested on July 15, 2004, at thirty centimetres in the storage area, leaving ten percent from the Balsillie Collection of Roy Studio images and the Parks Studio Fonds under dirty water for up to twenty-four hours. The images were on large glass plates stored in paper envelopes and gathered in wooden boxes. When they became wet, the paper adhered to the emulsion. The remaining items in the temporary storage area were exposed to high humidity.

This important collection features candid images of life in Peterborough, spanning many ages, classes, and living conditions, from 1896 to 1992. Also included are photographs of the railroad from 1903, the Halifax explosion, Mackenzie King's funeral, the coronation of King George V, the Barnardo children, the Eaton family, and 1920 Olympic marathon runner Albert Smoke. You can see details online at <www.pcma.ca>.

The library storage facility was a temporary solution to the overcrowding at the archives. A 2004 feasibility study suggested that a facility four times their current size was required. Peterborough City Council approved the funds for the next stage of development in February 2007, but the expansion is not expected to be completed until 2009.

Christie contacted Iona McCraith of the Archive Association of Ontario, who referred her to Rosco Document Restoration in Dorval, Quebec. The Rosco freezer trucks arrived at the library, ready to go, at seven in the morning on the day after the waters crested. McRaith advised against freezing the glass plates due to the breakage potential, but Christie made the difficult decision to proceed, because there seemed no other option with the potential onset of mold and mildew and the huge number of plates involved.

While Rosco held the negatives in storage, a mock-up experiment was conducted on other glass negatives using sublimation, or no heat, so the moisture was removed without passing through the liquid stage. The test was successful. Next, they freeze dried the first box of one hundred negatives. There was slight lifting of the emulsion, but this was repairable.

Two and a half years and a million-dollar insurance claim later, Christie is proud to announce that not a single image was lost. Six percent had damage to the emulsion, bringing the damage total to nine percent including breakage. It is not known how many negatives were broken due to general wear and tear. Five conservator technicians continue repairing the negatives using adhesives to lay the emulsion and epoxy for the fractures. The only items not saved were replaceable – computers, shelving, desks, and a map case.

Because disasters often happen to entire cities or regions, retail outlets run out of supplies for clean up. In Peterborough, dehydrators were completely out of stock. Without a plan there would be delays, and at above eight degrees Celsius, mold develops in forty-eight hours. The local hotels were also damaged, so they lacked space for volunteer workers to stay.

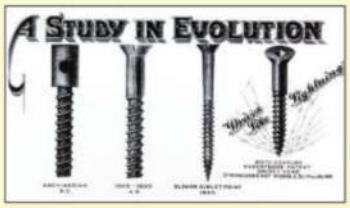
McCraith says one of the biggest reasons that the Peterborough archives has a happy ending is that they had a temporary storage emergency plan, which was developed in the spring of 2003 with the help of the curatorship students at Fleming College. Originally designed to provide critical information in a single document, empowering staff to calmly make decisions during a crisis, it was reworked after the flood to include their new experience.

On March 29, the Canadian Museums Association recognized the Peterborough Centennial Museum and Archives with the National Award for Outstanding Achievement in Conservation. They stated, "The project was nationally significant, exceeded the current standard of practice and is a useful example that demonstrates creativity, leadership, and effective use of resources."

Christie understates her enthusiasm for the award. "I'm pretty excited to see our hard work recognized after our two-and-one-half-year struggle. What a learning process. Things are never as bad as they seem. It seemed devastating. The initial recovery was fast, but the long haul takes stamina." **– Pat Kerr**

Currents

Our home & native...



Robertson screwdriver

IN SUMMER 1906, TRAVELLING salesman Peter Lymburner Robertson cut his hand while demonstrating a spring-loaded screwdriver. That same year, the injury inspired him to create something better: the first recess-driven, square-headed screwdriver.

Production began in 1908. Robertson greatly influenced the economy of Milton, Ontario, when he chose it as the site for his factory. The screwdriver was a hit. It could be used with one hand, did not slip out of the slot, and the slot did not become stripped. It was also precise, making it ideal for manufacturing vehicles. The square-headed screw was chosen for the wooden frames of the Henry Ford Model T and for military ships during World War II.

Robertson gradually expanded production to include nails, rivets, and other hardware. He also patented a corkscrew, a multi-tool holder, and a machine to produce his own screws. He clearly had a passion for screws.

Robertson died in 1951, but his screwdriver and reputation live on. Phillips screwdrivers came to dominate the U.S. and Europe, but in Canada, about eighty-five percent of screws are still Robertsons. In 2001, the Canadian Hardware and Housewares Manufacturers Association inducted Robertson into the Industry Hall of Fame. **– R.W.**

Dr. Leonard Sugden, who became known as the man who cremated Sam McGee.

The doctor who did the deed

"Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee," says the 1907 poem by Robert Service, telling of a man from Tennessee cremated in the boiler of a steamboat. The dead man's real name has been lost – it wasn't Sam McGee. But the Sugden family of Vancouver and Washington State always knew the man who did the deed.

Doctor Leonard Sugden was working for the NWMP in the winter of 1899–1900 when he mushed out in the depth of winter to a lonely Yukon cabin to check on a miner, ill with scurvy. Sugden found the man dead and frozen as stiff as the surrounding countryside. There was no way to bury him.

TAKE THE DAY OFF

June 4

To commemorate the launch of *Canada*, the first warship built in Quebec, which set sail for Rochefort, France, in 1742. Crack open the champagne.

The doctor loaded the man on a sleigh and hauled him to the NWMP post at Tagish. The Mounties used the newly arrived telegraph line to contact his family in Tennessee for permission to cremate him. A steamboat called the *Olive May* was stuck on a Yukon River sandbar and frozen in, but its boiler was above the ice. The crew of the boat, who were wintering at Tagish, fired up the boiler and helped Sugden stuff in the miner.

Robert Service was a young bank clerk who arrived in the Yukon in 1904. A loner, a dreamer, and a would-be poet, he heard the tale at a Whitehorse party and knew he had a rare nugget. He left the party to hike a frozen trail while the poem shaped itself in his head.

He sent "The Cremation of Sam McGee" and a handful of other Yukon poems to Briggs, the Methodist Publishing House in Toronto. He would pay $100, his Christmas bank bonus, to have a little book published. To his amazement, Briggs wrote back that they would publish the book at their expense and pay him royalties – 1,700 copies were already sold.

This poem made Service famous. It set off gales of laughter when a salesman read it on the CPR transcontinental train and it made book sellers in every little western town order *Songs of a Sourdough*. They loved its rollicking rhymes, they loved its ending:

> *And there sat Sam looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar;*
> *And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please close that door,*
> *It's fine in here but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm – Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm.*

The doctor who inspired the poem was a "surgeon of fortune" – working on a sperm whaling vessel, administering to the Chilkat natives at Juneau, and serving on both sides during the Sino-Japanese War. In 1897, he joined the Gold Rush to the Klondike but got frozen in at the foot of Marsh Lake, forty-eight kilometres below the White Horse Rapids. Here he built a cabin and spent the winter, doctoring for the NWMP, prospecting when he could. As the 1898 influx of humanity began, he became a pilot, taking boats through Miles Canyon and the White Horse Rapids.

Sugden married in 1906 and moved to the Kluane area, as mining recorder and doctor. He mined, explored, hunted big game, bought a newly invented movie camera, and produced a 1917 film, *The Lure of Alaska*, which played to rave reviews across America and Europe. His life of adventure ended suddenly in 1923 when he fell off an ore barge into the Stewart River near Mayo and drowned.

As the Yukon celebrates the 100th anniversary of *Songs of a Sourdough*, the time has come to add Doc Sugden to its cast of colourful characters.

– Enid Mallory

Enid Mallory is the author of Under the *Spell of the Yukon*, a biography of Robert Service.

COURTESY OF DOROTHY SUGDEN

THE WEB

link.library.utoronto.ca/inuitmoravian

The Labrador Inuit Through Moravian Eyes explores the coming together of two diverse groups. Its animated timeline chronicles key events in the 250-year-old relationship between Moravian congregations and the Inuit of Labrador. Use the interactive map to read the stories behind the missionary settlements created when a religious movement influenced a nomadic culture.

www.heroines.ca

A guide to women in Canadian history from Merna Forster, author of *100 Canadian Heroines: Famous and Forgotten Faces*. View galleries that show women in history and see how they were depicted in cartoons and posters. Read biographies, learn how Canada recognizes (or fails to recognize) women's contributions, and discover developments and opportunities to learn more about women's history.

www.chrs.ca

Rivers shaped the exploration and settlement of Canada, transporting people and providing essential resources. Learn how the Canadian Heritage Rivers System preserves and promotes the heritage of our waterways. A map of designated and nominated rivers links to fact sheets, more detailed maps, and updates on conservation efforts.

June 11

To mark the first Roman Catholic mass celebrated in Canada in 1534 by Jacques Cartier and his men at what is now Bonne Esperance, Labrador. Try deep knee bends.

June 29

To celebrate the amendment of the BNA by British Parliament in 1871, allowing Canada to create provinces and change borders. Mark your territory.

Currents

Group portrait of children on the *SS St. Louis*. Herbert Karliner (front row, far left) was one of the survivors present at the apology ceremony held in Ottawa in 2000.

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Moment

June 7, 1939: Prime Minister Mackenzie King turns away Jewish refugees on board the *SS St. Louis*

AT 8:00 ON THE MORNING OF MAY 13, 1939, THE *SS St. Louis* departed Hamburg with 937 Jewish refugees on board, destined for Havana, Cuba, where they were to live until their names reached the quota list for entry into the U.S. For many, it was their last chance to escape internment in the Nazi concentration camps.

But a week earlier, on May 5, Cuban President Frederico Bru had bent to anti-Jewish sentiment, whipped up by Nazi propagandists, and published Decree 937, invalidating the refugee's landing permits by closing a loophole that had allowed them access to Cuba by blurring the distinction between tourist and refugee. President Bru refused to let the passengers disembark, so the *St. Louis* remained anchored in Havana's harbour from May 27 until June 2 as the various political, economic, personal, and military sides made efforts to influence the president's decision.

Different interests collided as the drama unfolded. Propagandists from Germany used the plight of the *St. Louis* to prove to the world that nobody wanted the Jews, making it hypocritical for anyone to condemn their actions.

Luis Clasing, a corrupt agent for the Hapag shipping line, and the equally corrupt Cuban director of immigration, Manuel Benitez, were interested in the money they made selling fake landing permits to refugees through the loophole now closed by President Bru's decree.

July 7

To remember Frances Barkley who, in 1787, at seventeen years of age, was the first European woman to set foot in British Columbia. Click your heels together.

The German Secret Service wanted Otto Schiendick, the ship's Nazi party *Ortsgruppenleiter* (local group leader), to transport American military secrets from Havana back to Germany. And in every country to which Jewish organizations appealed for support, governments struggled between protecting their economies, appeasing the public, and maintaining an international image of reason and compassion.

On June 7, 1939, Prime Minister Mackenzie King was in Washington. His response mirrored America's when he stated he was "emphatically opposed to the admission of the *St. Louis* passengers." Earlier, at the Evian Conference, an international meeting to address the refugee problem, King had claimed, "The admission of refugees perhaps posed a greater menace to Canada in 1938 than did Hitler." Canada's director of the Immigration Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources, Charles Frederick Blair, said that "if these Jews were to find a home [in Canada] they would likely be followed by other shiploads. No country could open its doors wide enough to take in the hundreds of thousands of Jewish people who want to leave Europe: the line must be drawn somewhere."

Rejected from all ports, and after pacing the ocean between Havana and Miami, the *St. Louis* reluctantly turned back to Hamburg on June 6. The situation on board became so desperate, passengers threatened or attempted suicide – a few succeeded. Some plotted mutiny. Although Captain Gustav Shroeder managed to peacefully quell the only uprising, even he succumbed to the desperation and planned to either run the ship aground or set it on fire off the coast of England, forcing the passengers to evacuate and flee ashore.

But as the *St. Louis* neared the end of its return trip to Hamburg on Monday, June 12, France, the United Kingdom, Belgium, and the Netherlands stepped forward to each take a share of the refugees. The ship was redirected to Antwerp, Belgium, where representatives from the four countries fought to receive those closest to the top of the waiting list for the U. S., thus reducing the time the refugees would be in their care. The choice of country was mostly beyond the control of the passengers. For many, where they were sent determined their fate.

Only an estimated 240 of the 907 passengers who returned to Europe survived the Holocaust, most in Britain. In 1944, the Royal Air Force bombed the *St. Louis*. Though badly damaged, it was later converted into a floating hotel in the Hamburg Harbour until 1950, when it was dismantled and sold as scrap metal. Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witts made the story of the *St. Louis* into a book titled *Voyage of the Damned*. The authors gathered personal letters, diaries, and official documents and combined them with personal interviews of passengers and crew. In 1976, the movie version, with a huge cast that included Faye Dunaway, Max von Sydow, Orson Welles, and Ben Gazzara, was nominated for three Academy Awards.

Twenty-five survivors from the *St. Louis* received a public apology from Canadian Christian leaders in Ottawa in 2000. Among those apologizing was Baptist minister Doug Blair, the great-nephew of Charles Frederick Blair.

– R.W.

Beaver Bites

Profiles of Canadian artifacts both beautiful and beaverful

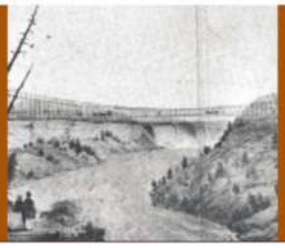
Beaver sealer jar

Glass became the material of choice for storing perishables in the early nineteenth century, outpacing tin and stoneware by the middle of the century. This amber beaver sealer dates from the late nineteenth century and was most likely manufactured by the Ontario Glass Company in Kingsville, Ontario. Note how the beaver faces right, not left. What's the difference? Left-facing beavers, probably manufactured by the Diamond Glass Company, are rare, highly prized collectables. For antique collectors, those left-facing beavers can fetch up to five times the value of their right-facing mates.

PHOTO BY MATTHEW BEVERLY FROM *THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER: A CELEBRATION OF CANADIAN SYMBOLS*. DONNA AND NIGEL HUTCHINS. BOSTON MILLS PRESS. DISTRIBUTED BY FIREFLY BOOKS. REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION.

July 19

To recall the first annual convention of the CCF in Regina in 1933, led by J.S. Woodsworth and attended by more than 150 delegates. Paint the town red.



July 29

To commemorate the completion of a suspension bridge over the Niagara River between Niagara in Canada and the U.S. in 1848. Sing some Simon and Garfunkle.

Currents

Calendar

Visitors load up on old-fashioned carbs at Les Fêtes de la Nouvelle-France SAQ.

Quebec

Les Fêtes de la Nouvelle-France

Now in its eleventh year, the New France Festival features five days of theatrical re-enactments of the past that give visitors the chance to experience the Old Quebec of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Don a period costume and march in the daily parades to compete for prizes. Enjoy traditional Acadian music and dance, meet the Quebec Giants, and partake of the crafts and foods doled out by French artisans.

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LES FÊTES DE LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE SAQ

Tignish U-boat legend solved

In 1943, the Germans developed a brazen plan in which prisoners of war would break out from Camp 70 in New Brunswick and make their way to a location near Tignish, PEI. The escape fell through, and the German U-boat first assigned to the pick-up point never returned to its base. First-hand reports from May 7, 1943, told of a convoy of four ships that rounded the tip of PEI and then made erratic course changes to evade a U-boat. Explosions rattled Tignish before Canadian aircraft intervened, scoring a direct hit that forced the U-boat's bow to rise sharply out of the water before sinking. It should have been one of the Canadian navy's greatest triumphs, but no official documentation of a battle exists.

Islanders retold this story, or versions of it, for more than sixty years. It likely would have remained nothing more than a local legend, but, in 1989, a New Brunswick diver claimed to have found a submarine wreck in the precise spot where the witnesses believed the battle took place. Despite directions in two separate diving guidebooks, no one has managed to relocate the wreck. Now, new documentation has revealed the truth behind one of the Maritimes' most enduring legends and has piqued the interest of journalists, historians, and enthusiasts.

Much of what the eyewitnesses claimed to have seen did happen, but their interpretations were skewed. Rather than Canadian warships escorting a troop ship, this force consisted of American corvettes screening a cargo vessel laden with grain and flour. Logbooks from the American vessels confirm that the spectators' timing of the "battle" was accurate, but the convoy's radical maneuvers were the result of a navigation error that threatened to run the convoy aground. The explosions that rattled Tignish were not enemy fire, but rather a series of weapons drills and live-firing exercises. Even the presence of aircraft can be confirmed through air force records in Ottawa – a 119 Squadron Hudson was carrying out routine patrol ahead of the convoy, which it did without incident.

The true power of the legend comes into focus once the last piece of the puzzle is put into place – two large submarine-shaped boulders in the murky water off Tignish. Their recent discovery suggests that the local legend influenced the diver's interpretation of a geological feature in 1989.

This myth serves an important lesson and warning for historians. A remarkable string of coincidences had led many to the conclusion that the myth must be true. It is hard to fault them. The missing U-boat involved in a plan to rendezvous with escaped prisoners gave the myth power, particularly with the diver's claims; however, an equally powerful combination of coincidences disproves the myth. Ultimately, the historical records are conclusive and not only make clear that there was no battle in May 1943, but also that no matter how strong the evidence, myths must always be treated with caution.

– Richard Mayne

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Explorations

Bart Beaty on

The Quiz Show for Brainiacs

Canadians are an earnest, self-improving lot. No wonder they loved *Front Page Challenge*.

In this era of high-definition plasma televisions, replete with time-shifting PVR technologies and satellite-cable packages with hundreds of channels, having a certain nostalgia for a simpler media moment seems inevitable. The Golden Age of Canadian television, a time when rabbit-eared, black-and-white sets in border towns received three or four stations while the rest of the nation made do with the CBC, seems a powerful reminder of a time when television bound the country around common cultural practices. It evokes a shared dialogue that has all but faded in the age of niche programming and audience fragmentation.

Canada entered the television age with the launch of stations in Montreal and Toronto in 1952. Unlike today's rerun-heavy schedules, programs of the day ran thirty-nine consecutive weeks during the year, taking a thirteen-week summer hiatus on the assumption that everyone needs a break and few viewers in a cold, harsh country would opt to sit indoors during the few months when they could be comfortably out and about. During the summer, the CBC tested new shows, most of which were never thought about again with the coming of autumn and the return of *Don Messer's Jubilee*.

It is ironic, therefore, that the longest-running CBC television show in history, *Front Page Challenge*, began its thirty-eight year run as a temporary summer replacement program, debuting on June 24, 1957, fifty years ago this month. Created by CBC veteran John Aylesworth and produced by Harvey Hart, who had worked on the prestige drama production *Folio*, the hybrid quiz show/news program would define the CBC's commitment to topical material and the blending of education and entertainment for generations of viewers.

The *Front Page Challenge* panel in its first incarnation: Gordon Sinclair and Toby Robins (left) and Pierre Berton (far right). Guest panelist for this January 10, 1961, episode is composer and producer Mavor Moore. In the hotseat is hockey legend Maurice Richard.

The first episode of *Front Page Challenge* differed considerably from the program that it would eventually become. The three guests were Alfred Scadding, a survivor of the Moose River mining disaster; Alex Legros, a midwife present at the birth of the Dionne quintuplets; and Montreal mayor Jean Drapeau. The first panel was composed of Gordon Sinclair, Toby Robins, Alex Barris, and guest panellist Scott Young. Win Barron hosted the show. Changes were made over the coming weeks, with Pierre Berton replacing Barris as a regular panellist – a position Berton retained for the remainder of the show's run – and with Fred Davis taking over from Barron as host.

The *Front Page Challenge* concept was remarkably simple. An expert panel of journalists would be presented with a mystery guest whom they were challenged to identify by asking questions. Once the challenge portion of the program was over, the guest would be revealed to the panel, which would then conduct a live interview. Initially, the challenge portion of each segment lasted

CBC ARCHIVES

four minutes, before it was reduced to three and eventually to two minutes as it became clear that the interview portion of the show was the most popular. Former panellist and program writer Alex Barris, in his 1999 book *Front Page Challenge: History of a Television Legend*, noted that the early decision to let the audience "in on" the guest's identity proved key to the show's success, as it flattered the viewer's ego and allowed them to feel superior to the floundering journalists when their questions shed little light.

Yet the primary reason for the success of the program stemmed from the panel's special dynamic. The curmudgeonly Sinclair, vivacious actress Robins, and Berton, the extroverted team leader, combined to create a genuine charisma that shone during interviews, particularly when the journalists would adopt an aggressive stance toward the interviewee. Moreover, opportunities for such showmanship burgeoned as the years passed and as the challengers became increasingly noteworthy.

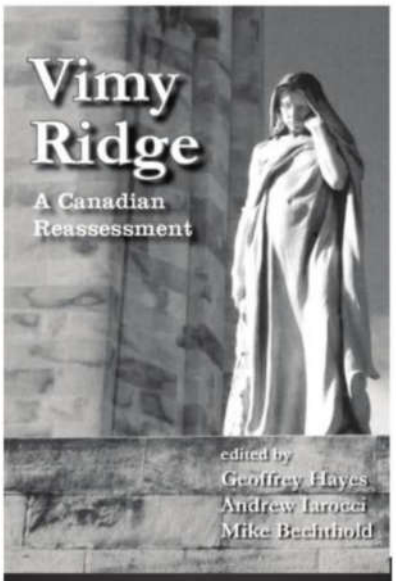
The first important international guest on *Front Page Challenge* was Eleanor Roosevelt, who appeared in 1961. This appearance opened doors for a flood of seriously minded personalities. Indeed, over the ensuing years politicians of all stripes were guests on the show. Every prime minister from Louis St. Laurent to John Turner visited the program, with only Brian Mulroney refusing to appear. Internationally, the show hosted world leaders including Indira Gandhi, Golda Meir, and Edward Heath; explorers such as Jacques Cousteau and Buzz Aldrin; actors including Bette Davis and Errol Flynn; activists Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X; and singers such as Tony Bennett (not to mention Anne Murray). The best from almost every conceivable vocation offered themselves to be interrogated by Canada's beloved panel of journalists.

In 1961, after four years on the air, *Front Page Challenge* saw its first major change, as Toby Robins, who had appeared on the show right up to the ninth month of her pregnancy and returned two weeks later, departed the show in a pay dispute. She was replaced by Betty Kennedy, who would remain with the show for the remaining thirty-four years. After that, and until Gordon Sinclair's death in 1984, the composition of the show was unaltered for more than two decades, providing a level of consistency almost unheard of in broadcasting. The only real change was the broadcast location, which took to the road during the late-1960s tenure of Don Brown as producer. At a time when the CBC felt it was increasingly vital that the network represent the differing regions of the nation, *Front Page Challenge* was an inexpensive road show, and for thirty years, the panellists and guests criss-crossed the country, playing to sold-out houses in Victoria, Halifax, Yellowknife, and points in-between.

By the time of Sinclair's death in 1984, *Front Page Challenge* was such an institution that producer Ray McConnell seriously courted outgoing Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau as Sinclair's replacement. McConnell eventually settled on Alan Fotheringham, and a few years later the show added Jack Webster as a permanent fourth panellist, replacing the practice of guest panellists altogether. The 1980s were not kind to the CBC – or to *Front Page Challenge*. The budget cuts of the era placed pressure on the show, and it began to look its age. In the early 1980s, the program, which was still drawing an audience of 1.5 million weekly viewers, was moved from Mondays to Thursdays, and then to Saturdays and out of prime time.

By 1995, CBC executives felt that the show had run its course. While never particularly critically acclaimed – critics panned it when it debuted in 1957 – by the end, it had become a national institution. The cancellation was front-page news across the country, making the show itself precisely the type of story it had covered.

Bart Beaty is an associate professor in the faculty of Communication and Culture at the University of Calgary.



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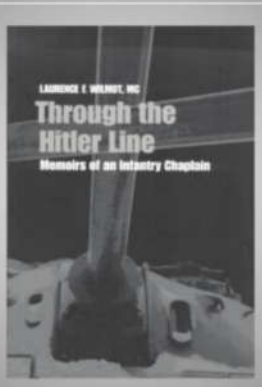

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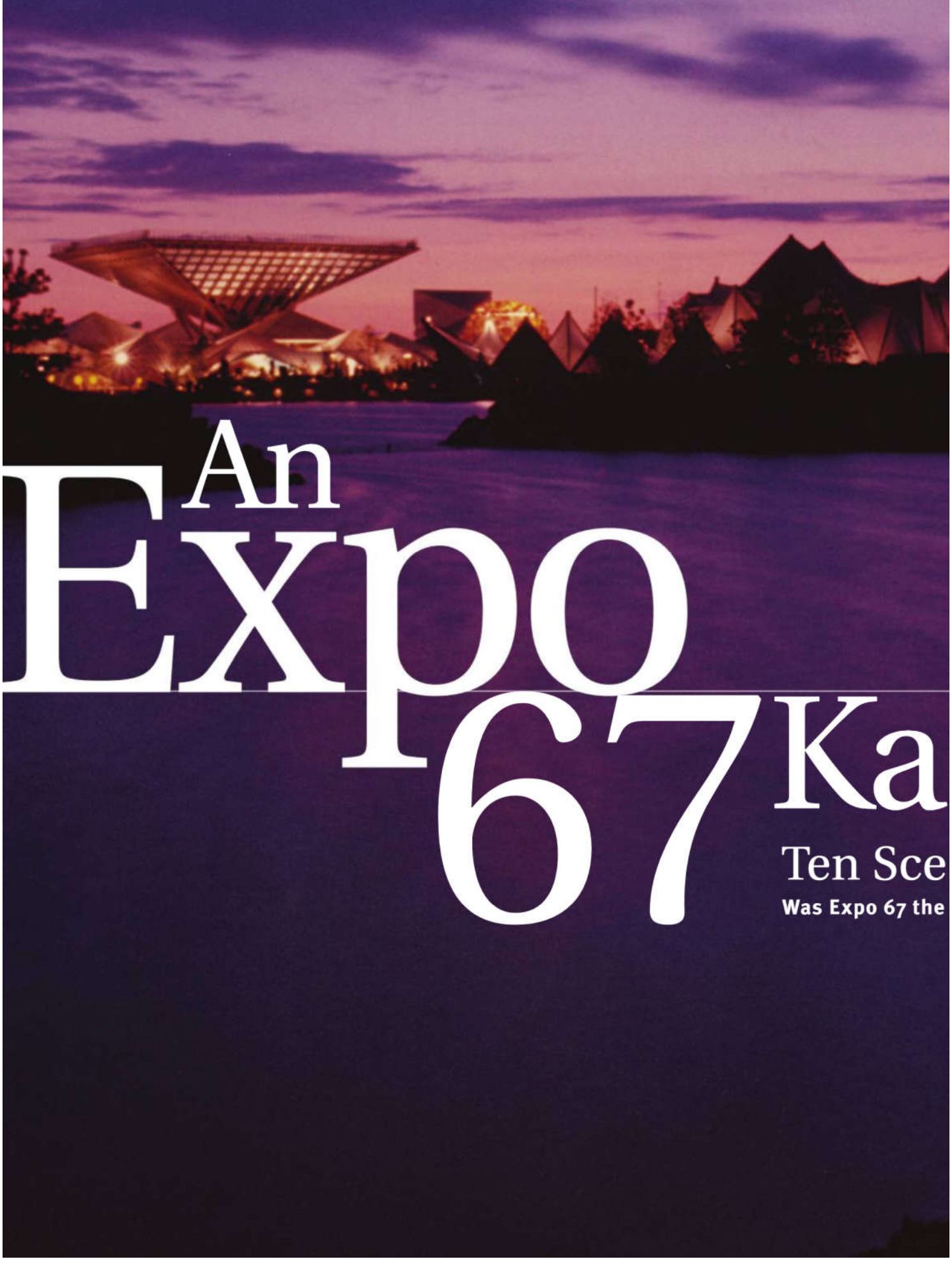
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Expo
67
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Ten Sce
Was Expo 67 the

leidoscope

nes from Terre des Hommes

greatest world's fair ever? Of course it was. by Christopher Moore

Canada, Ontario, Quebec, and France pavilions at night.

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1 If you need proof that the sixties really existed ...

I once heard of a girl from Hamilton, Ontario, who chose a smart little outfit that day and let herself get separated from her Catholic school class tour group as soon as they came up out of the Métro on Île Sainte-Hélène and she met Yvan or something from Outremont and they toured the Soviet Pavilion and Man the Producer and they rode the blue minirail but the lines for Labyrinth *were way too long so they went to the 360° film-in-the-round about Canada and everyone was so friendly everywhere and so sophisticated and she kissed him at Katimavik and he took her to the fireworks at La Ronde and then the nuns sent her home to Ontario and now she has daughters older than she was then but she remembers it like scenes from a Claude Lelouch movie with split screens and a pop-strings soundtrack and she thinks whatever became of that boy Yvan and where did she find that great little outfit and she thinks, yeah, baby, that was my sixties moment, Expo 67 in Montreal, Terre des Hommes.*

Above: Expo 67 adult passport cost $35.

CITY OF MONTREAL ARCHIVES

Official start of development work on Île Sainte-Hélène and Île Notre-Dame, August 12, 1963, attended by Montreal mayor Jean Drapeau, archbishop of Montreal Cardinal Paul-Émile Léger, Prime Minister Lester Pearson, and Quebec premier Jean Lesage.

Okay, I'm not sure every detail in that story can be fact-checked. In fact, I think we need a warning here: age-sensitive material. If you are under fifty now, you were probably too young. Over seventy-five, you were pushing forty then and may have missed some of the allure. There will be historical significance in this article. But if you really cannot stand more baby-boomer gloating 'bout their g-g-generation, you had better flip to the book reviews or something, because some of that may be hard to avoid here.

From the midst of the fair, the great Montreal writer Hugh Hood declared, "It's too much, baby; it's something else, total environment, Romantic synaesthesia, the way things are." We really did talk that way, as if to have been young and part of Expo 67 ... what was that Wordsworth line from English class? ... "was very heaven."

2 It was gonna be a disaster

"*I was living about a hundred yards from Pie-IX Boulevard, which seemed to be the major route for all the trucks taking the fill to the islands' site. For about a year, that street, a main Montreal thoroughfare, was covered in dirt. Mud, on a rainy day.*"

– Alan, a Montrealer, in his twenties in 1967

Moscow actually won the competition to hold a 1967 world exposition. Montreal only got the nod after the Soviets backed out. It was a very late start. The Diefenbaker government was not very interested. No one believed the boasts of Montreal's mayor, Jean Drapeau. The plan to build new islands for the fair in the St. Lawrence River looked seriously crazy. Well into 1964, government officials were whispering about how to postpone a world's fair. Canadians expected the whole thing to be a big, stupid, ugly blight upon the nation.

Then the nations of the world signed on. And the islands were not washed away. And upon them arose a spectacular skyline of pavilions and pleasure domes. And somehow the whole place seemed to plug itself into the very best of the world at that moment. From the day it opened, April 28, 1967, it was the place everyone in the world wanted to be. Canadians realized they had always known it was going to be wonderful.

3 Three who made the fair: Drapeau, Dupuy, Churchill

Drapeau was an amazing, electrifying little man, and word began to go out, "We're going to have a Métro and a world's fair," and we were hearing about how they were building new islands, which was weird. And then on the Ed Sullivan Show, *Ed introduced Jean Drapeau! That's when we said, "My God, this is really big." Montreal was so proud in 1967. It was making history. It was the centre of Canada.*

– Carol, a Montrealer, eighteen that year

Jean Drapeau was mayor of Montreal most years from 1950 to 1986, and though Expo 67 was not his idea, he made it happen. His career would not end well, with that Olympic debt and the megalomania,

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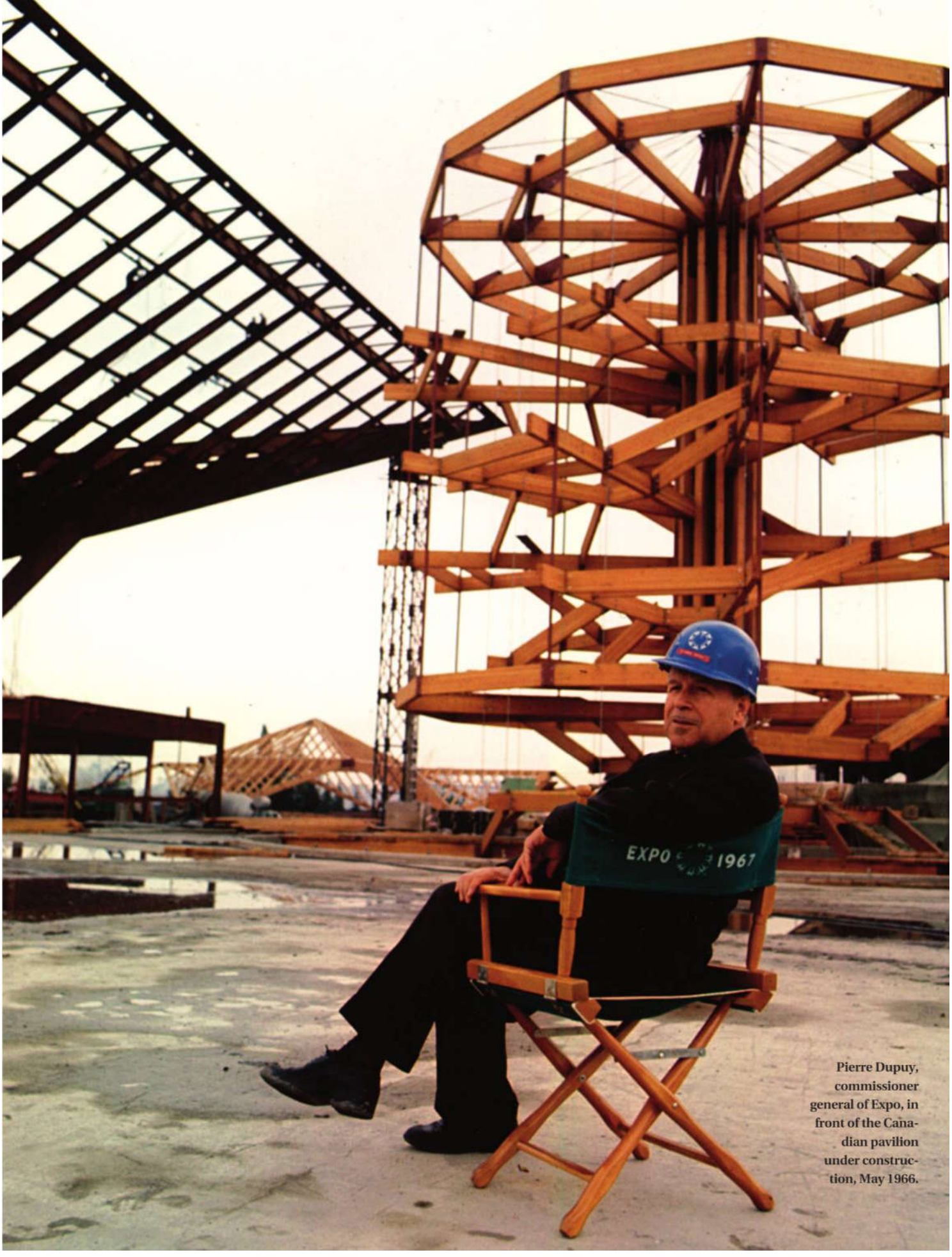

Pierre Dupuy, commissioner general of Expo, in front of the Canadian pavilion under construction, May 1966.

EXPO 67

but in the early sixties he brought Montreal its Place des Arts, and the spectacular new Métro, and a wave of urban redevelopment – and the fair.

Pierre Dupuy, Canada's senior diplomat, became commissioner general of Expo in 1963. When they said he "sold Canada and Expo to the world," Dupuy denied it. He said he simply made the nations of the world see it was in their interest to be part of the greatest world's fair ever. Sixty-two countries responded to his invitation, a record number. Fifty million people came to see, half again more than were expected.

Dupuy quickly recruited a team of anglophone and francophone Canadians to build his Expo. Colonel Edward Churchill, a Canadian Forces engineer who took charge of construction, used a computer to set a "critical path" building schedule. At the time, computerized management and critical-path engineering were so advanced they seemed like magic. What really was critical was Churchill's irresistible insistence: those deadlines had to be met.

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Attention-grabbing architecture was one of the great pleasures of Expo. From left to right: Architect Moshe Safdie's apartment complex, Habitat 67. The United States of America pavilion, designed by Buckminster Fuller, which became one of Expo's iconic images along with the inverted pyramid, Katimavik, Canada's pavilion.

The Belgian Commissioner for Montreal World's Fair

4 A triumph for designers

How impressed we were with Habitat. It had terrific ideas, so novel, so many ideas. Just the way that the apartments did not have views straight up and down like a typical high-rise but were beautifully staggered and angled. It was complex and interesting everywhere you looked.

– Blanche, in her forties then, who took the train from Penticton, B.C., with her husband and three teenaged children

They had designed and developed the whole area just to walk around in. Even the trash bins were designed – to be useful but also to fit in and to be part of the overall design.

– John from Toronto, in his thirties then with small children

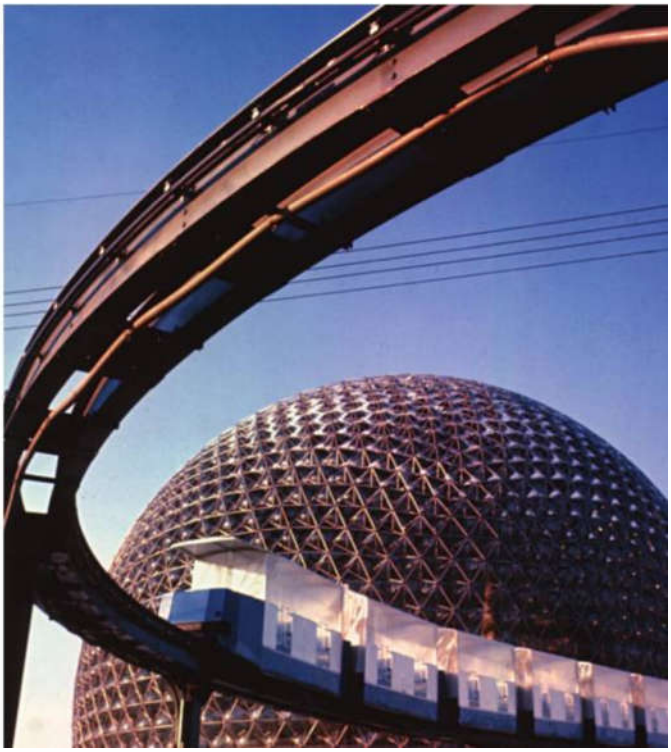
In 1968, Robert Fulford published *This Was Expo*, a souvenir picture book that is also an astute critical study. Fulford guessed that a key legacy of the fair might well be its architecture. The apartment complex Habitat, pre-built without being cookie-cutter, made Moshe Safdie's reputation. Fulford loved Buckminster Fuller's American Pavilion, a spectacular geodesic dome, then the largest ever built, and Germany's airy tent, an innovation in space-frame construction. Fulford quoted one architect who found Expo's buildings "the most exciting collection of buildings I've ever seen."

Yet it wasn't the buildings alone. Expo 67 was one of North America's first encounters with a cityscape designed for pleasure, a place that mixed education and leisure and commerce, a place for friendly crowds to stroll and enjoy the view and eat well and shop and see a show. Vancouver's Granville Island, Halifax's Waterfront Properties, Winnipeg's Forks, and that place down by the bend of the Bow River in Calgary, they all have a little of Expo 67 in their genes. Fulford credits a Colombian designer, Luis Villa, with the elegant design concepts that pulled it together.

5 Terre des Hommes, a secular celebration

We were going with our school classes and they were trying to educate us, while the kids older than us were having fun. They were visiting "other countries," and you knew by next year they would be doing that for real, actually backpacking the world. At Expo everything was so new and so international.

– Rita, Montrealer, then age twelve



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"Hey Friend, Say Friend/ Un Jour, Un Jour," the official theme song of Expo 67 sung by Donald Lautrec.

Pierre Dupuy said most world's fairs chose a theme and then forgot about it. Terre des Hommes/Man and His World – an image inspired by the French writer and visionary Antoine de Saint-Exupéry – actually worked. Expo became one of the first flowerings of that secular humanist sense of global sharing, technological possibility, creative prowess, and sheer confidence in humanity's power and potential. It was mostly a triumph of the west. Mao Zedong's People's Republic of China was not represented (Taiwan was), Africa just barely, and Latin America only a little. In Stephen Gill's novel *Immigrant*, a South Asian visitor to Expo is asked for his autograph just because he is exotic. But you could not miss this breezy confidence that humankind could learn to do great things. Once the designs were perfected, man's world was going to be wonderful.

"La découverte de la fierté"

We could see Expo 67 ahead of the ship as we came into Montreal. In the early morning, the glitter of Buckminster Fuller's geodesic dome – it was full of hope and optimism. I was excited about Canada, about a new life. Montreal was wonderful, truly a great city. And my first sight of Canada was Expo.

– Trysh, an immigrant from Britain in her early twenties

When he wrote his memoir, Pierre Dupuy called it *Expo 67, ou la découverte de la fierté*. The discovery of pride. "What's got into our good gray neighbour?" asked the Americans. The Brits said Expo had glitter and sex appeal and it was … Canadian? Dupuy believed the surge of confi-

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Left to right: La Ronde, the amusement park at Expo 67. A hostess at the Greece Pavilion. An RCMP officer scans the crowd near the Quebec Pavilion.

dence and pride in shared achievement and international recognition would change Canada forever. On opening day, journalist Peter C. Newman wrote, "This is the greatest thing we have ever done as a nation."

There's a moment in almost every decade when Canada "becomes a nation," and Expo 67 was surely one of those. In the midst of the marvelously successful Centennial celebrations, Expo 67 made many Canadians more proud and patriotic than they had ever felt before.

Canada's own pavilion was centered on a vast inverted pyramid called Katimavik, "the meeting place" in Inuktitut. Though there was not much to do there, "there was weeping, it made us so happy," one Canadian remembers. "Because we had no idea of what the rest of the country thought of us, and suddenly we were checking in with other Canadians who had a secret: we really have a country. You were always meeting people, we were touching people, we were saying, 'I can't believe this is happening.'"

Changing our relationship with the movies

Film on the wall and on the ceiling and everywhere, all the fabulous films. The Ontari-ar-ario film and all those split up images. I saw a live birth of a baby on film, and I had never seen anything like that.

– Judith, age twelve, who drove with her mother from Espanola, Ontario

I remember most the 360º in-the-round film, probably old hat now, but I really clearly remember holding on to the railing as the helicopter swooped.

– Barbara, early twenties, a British Columbian with a civil-service job in Ottawa

Patrick Watson conceived the Heritage Minutes from a memory of the one-minute film festival he attended at Expo 67. The people who developed IMAX were veterans of the National Film Board's mega-screen Expo hit *Labyrinth*, where you walked through the movie and the images came at you from all sides. Czechoslovakia sent the first interactive film, a movie where the audience got to vote among branching plot options.

Film suddenly burst the boundaries of single-screens and static audiences at Expo 67, and the visual image announced it was about to go all interactive and multi-screen and omnipresent. The world did not go to Expo for the movies, but there the movies seized the world by the eyeballs, the way they have been doing ever since.

It was more than movies. Robert Fulford in 1968: "At Expo it became possible to envision a world in which all the resources previously available to private industries and to show business – film, lighting, models, carefully organized environments – would be used by professional educators" in schools, galleries, and museums. Electronic education. Edutainment. For better or worse, we have been living there ever since.

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8 "Today Expo is part of the Québécois identity"

En 67 tout était beau/C'était l'année d'l'amour, c'était l'année d'l'Expo

– Quebec supergroup Beau Dommage, "*Blues d'la métropole*," 1975

"Everyone seized on this extraordinary thing that was Expo 67 to create a flattering and celebratory idea of Quebec," writes Laval University anthropologist Pauline Curien. Her 2003 doctoral thesis on Expo 67 examines how Expo marked a new moment in the self-image of French Quebec: when the modern world ceased to be a threat. At Expo 67, she argues, a modern francophone Québécois supplanted the folkloric French Canadian as the image the people of Quebec held of themselves. At Expo, Quebeckers simply chose to become modern.

People joked that the pavilions of Quebec and Ontario had been switched. Where Ontario's airy tent was mostly *joie de vivre*, Quebec's cool glass cube spoke of energy and technology and urban sophistication. Curien argues that Quebec's pavilion conveyed the image of a society freed of its past and turned toward a future where faith, tradition, and the Catholic Church gave way to reason, modernity, and the state.

Expo 67 proved that those traditional French-Canadian Catholic farm families had given birth to one of the coolest peoples in the world. Quebec discovered what it was capable of. Expo's message about global reach, secular prowess, and the glories of the modern world was young Quebec's discovery as well.

9 The Girls of Expo

My sister worked at Expo. She wore the little hostess outfits designed by John Warden. You went to Montreal to see the women. There were minis and pantsuits, and everyone was gorgeous.

– Carol, Montreal, age eighteen

Reading the documents and guides of the moment, you would think there had never been pretty girls before, or that men had never noticed them. From forty years on, it's amazing how much everyone writing in 1967 mentioned "the girls" of Expo as if they were part of the design, something to gaze upon in delight. Hostesses were beautiful and bilingual and they wore smart designer outfits and their hair was long and straight. In fact, that was every girl in Montreal that summer, if you believe what they were writing. It really was "*Man* and *His* World." Today, I guess we would not even dare to call it that.

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Expo 67's official guide cost one dollar.

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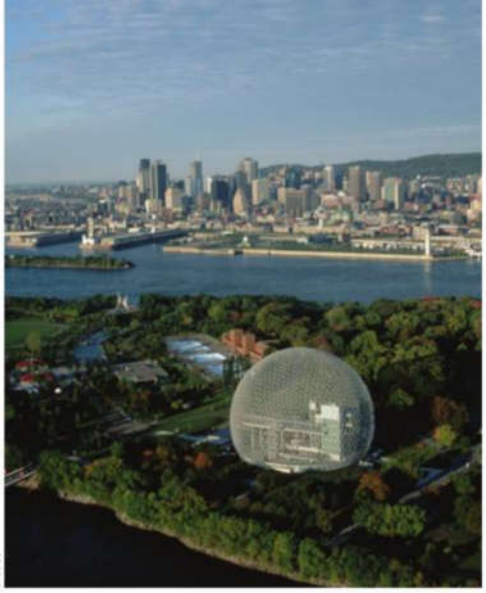
10 Just being there

The crowds – I loved them, that happy crowd thing, the buzz of being caught up in the event, I love a mob scene when it's like that. It was French, it was sophisticated, and there was so much going on. The whole mood of the Expo was so fresh, now, happening. La Ronde, it was a great place to spend time.

– Elaine, twenty-one, frequent visitor from New Hampshire

I saw the Bolshoi Orchestra at Place des Arts. The wealth of material performed at Place des Arts that summer! It was just so rich. It was an amazing moment for Canadian culture, with our art and design and the best of all the world all in one place. The cultural stuff truly was extraordinary. Montreal, I fell in love with Montreal.

– Guenther, seventeen, from Cambridge, Ontario



Buckminster Fuller's dome and the Montreal skyline today.

It was a time of euphoria like no other, a sudden consciousness of where we belonged, of being Canadian.

– Gunda, a young adult newly returned to Canada from Europe

It was crowded. From the very first days until the closing in October, there were many more visitors than anyone predicted. There were crises with accommodations. There were scandals over food supply. There was panic over the long, slow lineups that wound around most popular pavilions all day and every day.

Forty years later, the only ones who remember any of that were parents who had to cope with the needs of young children. For the rest the crowds were fun, the food was good and interesting, and memories of the long waits have faded. Time and again, people then and people now agree: the real joy of Expo 67 was just being part of it.

Christopher Moore is a Toronto historian and writer and regular columnist with *The Beaver*. In 1967, at the age of seventeen, he went from British Columbia to Montreal for Expo, but he never kissed a girl there. He thanks friends and associates around the country who responded with such enthusiasm to an appeal for memories of Expo 67. Robert Fulford's book *This Was Expo* was an archive of information and ideas.

Et Cetera

Expo 67: *Back to the Future*, a 2005 documentary written and produced by Olenka Demianchuk for CBC's The Canadian Experience series, is available on DVD.

Expophilia thrives on the Net. Among the more entertaining and informative websites are Library and Archives Canada's Expo 67, Man and His World, A Virtual Experience at ‹www.collectionscanada.ca /expo/›; CBC Archives' video and audio clips at ‹archives.cbc.ca/IDD-1-69-100/life_society/expo_67/›; and Expo 67 in Montreal's extensive photo collection at ‹expo67.ncf.ca/›.

The Big Six-O

Before Expo, there was the Diamond Ju of Mackenzie King's to foster nation

Although Canada's birthday has been marked in some fashion every year for most of the last 140, celebrations with particular panache have been few. In part, this is because Canada's milestone anniversaries have fallen at inopportune times. Canada's fiftieth birthday fell in 1917, in the penultimate year of the Great War. Canada's seventy-fifth birthday fell in 1942, when there seemed no end in sight to yet another war. Canada was fortunate that its centennial fell in time of remarkable peace and prosperity (at least in the Western World). Only Canada's sixtieth birthday, its Diamond Jubilee in 1927, has shared the good luck of good timing.

Aware of the circumspection that marked Canada's fiftieth birthday, Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King determined that the sixtieth would be the most impressive celebration of Confederation ever held. Organization was the key. King wanted all Canadians to participate, so his government established the National Committee for the Celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation. A handbook was released, *Sixty Years of Progress*, as a resource for schools, service clubs, and other organizations. The committee's mandate was simple: help to coordinate the nationwide celebrations by cooperating with the provinces and other groups.

Communities across Canada established Diamond Jubilee committees with local dignitaries prominent among their members. In Tweed, Ontario, the board of trade was instrumental in holding one of the "big events in the life of the village" according to *The Tweed News*. In Belleville, Mayor Wilmot spearheaded the local preparations, encouraging the "merchants and residents," according to *The Daily Intelligencer*, to "decorate their stores and private residences." On July 1, Canadians celebrated with parades and various social events, including races, baseball games, and picnics. Water sports were the preferred activity in Harbourville, Nova Scotia. An exhibit of a Mi'kmaq wigwam was erected in Victoria Park, Truro. In Medicine Hat, the South Alberta Regiment paraded in their "new scarlet and blue uniforms." *The Western Home Monthly* had a special Diamond Jubilee edition, focusing on Western Canada. Featuring congratulatory messages from the western premiers and the prime minister, the edition also included commentaries from notable Canadians such as Emily Murphy and Nellie McClung on the destiny of Canada and on how to celebrate the anniversary.

Patriotism may not have been the only motive for some individuals and organizations. Money could be made. Local stores had "Diamond Jubilee Sales." Canada's major railway companies, such as the Canadian National Railway, had full-page articles in many newspapers and magazines to commemorate Confederation, but also to highlight their own important role in developing and uniting the country. With the title "Sixty Years of Canadian National Progress," the CN article reminded readers of its "finest resorts" and "hotels of distinction."

bilee, Confederation's first grand celebration and a grand design al unity. by Joe Stafford

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William Lyon Mackenzie King speaking on Parliament Hill during a ceremony celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, July 1, 1927.

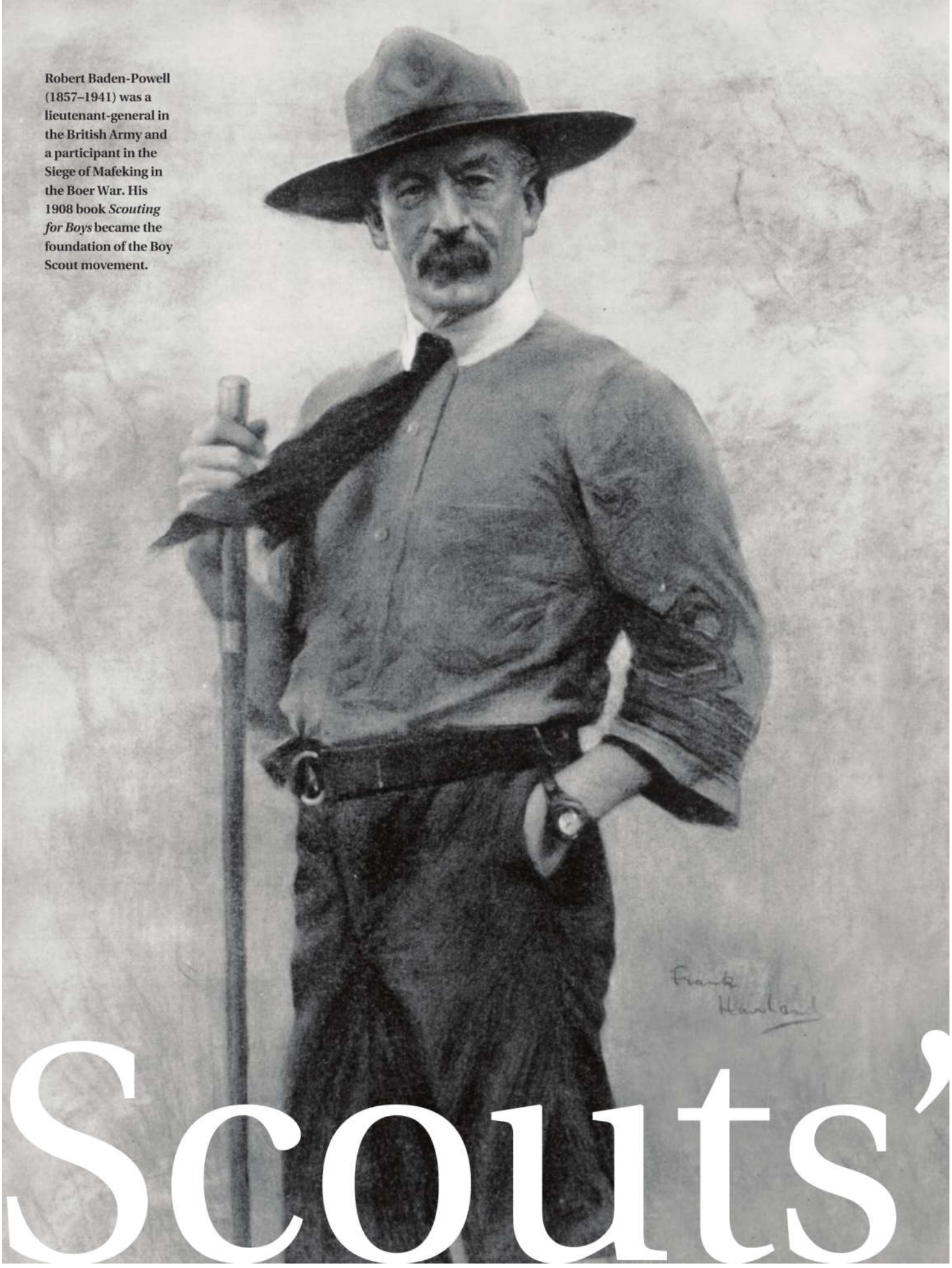
Higher ideals motivated Mackenzie King. Cognizant of an emerging sense of nationalism in English Canada after World War I, King also realized that Canadians were still not fully united. The conscription crisis of 1917 had deeply wounded French Canada. A new protest party, the Progressives, had enjoyed considerable success among western Canadians. The Maritime Rights Movement had been formed in 1920. By 1926, however, the forces of discord lay dormant. In the Diamond Jubilee, King recognized an opportunity to promote national unity in Canada.

For weeks he had focused on the details of the July 1 Jubilee celebration on Parliament Hill. For two months he had prepared his speeches, especially the speech for the inauguration of the new carillon in the Peace Tower. Conscious of the division caused by the conscription crisis, King invited Sir Lomer Gouin, Quebec premier during the war, to deliver a speech commemorating Confederation. Invited as well were the daughters of Sir George-Étienne Cartier, a Father of Confederation. Speeches were made in both languages and both French and English music was played. The entire celebration was broadcast across Canada by a system of radio link-ups involving twenty-three radio stations. Even in Great Britain and Europe, people could tune in thanks to the BBC. For the first time in Canadian history, technology united Canadians — in Canada and beyond. Two days later, on Sunday, July 3, ceremonies were held across the country in an official day of national thanksgiving, which honoured Canada's war dead and all those who had contributed to the nation's development.

Jubilee events, however, were not limited to a few days in early July. For the occasion, an official version of O Canada was adopted. In Ontario, schools celebrated the Diamond Jubilee on May 23, Empire Day. In Montreal, on June 24, the Saint-Jean-Baptiste Day parade included allegorical floats in honour of Confederation. On August 27 the Prince of Wales, his brother, and Mackenzie King attended the Warriors' Day Parade at the Canadian National Exhibition. For the event the CNE built an elaborate entranceway, originally to be named the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation Gates, but changed to the Princes' Gates.

In that summer of 1927, Canadians had reason to be grateful, to appreciate their good fortune. To them the Great War was not a distant memory. On July 1 and on July 3, the day of national thanksgiving, they remembered. Under the leadership of Mackenzie King, the federal government had made a concerted effort to foster national unity. And, in the summer of 1927, Canadians shared in a national celebration the likes of which would not be seen again until another summer — the summer of 1967.

Joe Stafford is a history teacher living in Kingston, Ontario.



Robert Baden-Powell (1857–1941) was a lieutenant-general in the British Army and a participant in the Siege of Mafeking in the Boer War. His 1908 book *Scouting for Boys* became the foundation of the Boy Scout movement.

Scouts'

Honour

Did Robert Baden-Powell really mastermind the Boy Scout movement? Or was it a Canadian? by Matthew R. Laird

It was only a photograph. But nearly thirty years later, the memory of it was still infuriating, encapsulating a lifetime's resentment. It was September 23, 1910, and Sir Robert Baden-Powell (known as B-P), the immensely popular British founder of the Boy Scouts, was in New York to acknowledge the publication of the first edition of the official handbook of the newly created Boy Scouts of America (BSA). A celebratory dinner was planned for that evening at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where Baden-Powell would be joined by Daniel Carter Beard and Ernest Thompson Seton, two respected colleagues who had been instrumental in introducing Scouting to the United States. "Uncle Dan" Beard was the founder of the Society of the Sons of Daniel Boone, later renamed the Boy Pioneers, which by the early twentieth century had become the largest boys' club in America. A British-born Canadian, Seton was a celebrated naturalist, artist, and author who in recent years had devoted much time and energy to his Woodcraft Indians, another popular youth organization.

Ernest Thompson Seton (1860–1946), who homesteaded in Manitoba, founded the Woodcraft Indians, a precursor to and influence on Lord Baden-Powell's Boy Scout movement.

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Baden-Powell, Beard, and Seton met earlier that day at the headquarters of the YWCA. The organization's director suggested a group photograph to commemorate the occasion, and the men retired to the roof of the building. (See page 30.) What happened next would become the subject of considerable controversy. In a 1938 letter to Beard, Seton recounted his version of events. "The assumption was that we were all equals," he wrote. "As we were about to pose, B-P said, 'I think I'll sit down,' and moved over to the ventilator. You and I had to stand, by which trick he made us his subordinates, although he was the latest to enter the field."

No doubt Beard had long forgotten this trivial episode. But Seton clearly had not. In fact, he had nursed a profound bitterness toward Baden-Powell for decades and remained convinced to the end of his life that the "Father of Scouting" had brazenly stolen his ideas and the international acclaim that should have been his.

Ernest Thompson Seton's story began in a distant place and under a different name. Born Ernest Evan Thompson in South Shields, Durham, England, in 1860, he was six when his family immigrated to Canada. They settled in rural Lindsay, Ontario, where Seton developed his lifelong love of nature and wildlife. Unsuccessful at farming, the family then moved to Toronto. Here, Seton often took refuge from his stern Presbyterian household in the wilds of the Don Valley, where, inspired by James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*, he spent many solitary hours "playing Indian." A gifted artist, Seton went on to study at prestigious academies in London and Paris. It was during this formative period that he assumed a new identity. He had been fascinated by the dubious family tale that his father was heir to Scottish nobleman Lord Seton, the Earl of Winton. To emphasize this alleged connection, he settled on the name Ernest Thompson Seton.

With no aristocratic inheritance forthcoming, Seton lived a nomadic life into his thirties. He homesteaded in Manitoba, where he served as provincial naturalist; worked as an illustrator in New York; and travelled extensively in North America and Europe. For a time he considered a scientific career, and his beautifully illustrated *Birds of Manitoba* was published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1890. But it was as a popular writer that he would find the greatest success. His short stories, which appeared in a number of American magazines, portrayed animal characters in natural settings and situations. In 1898, he wrote the bestselling *Wild Animals I Have Known* and launched a brilliant North American lecture tour that made him a household name among readers of all ages. His popularity grew with a string of

Seton, Baden-Powell, and Daniel Carter Beard at the New York City YMCA, 1910. For Seton, the photo's composition symbolized Baden-Powell's usurpation of the scouting concept.

MUSEUM OF CANADIAN SCOUTING, SCOUTS CANADA, OTTAWA

commercial successes, including *Trail of the Sandhill Stag* (1899), *Biography of a Grizzly* (1900), and *The Lives of the Hunted* (1901).

Wealthy and famous at forty-one years of age, Seton bought a large, undeveloped property in Connecticut, where he planned to build a luxurious new home. But local youths, upset by the loss of their forest haunt, began trespassing and painting obscenities on the gates. When threats failed to stop the vandalism, Seton asked permission to speak at the local school. He invited every boy over twelve for a weekend picnic and camp-out, and a large number accepted. They played on his estate all day, and in the evening he regaled them with stories. At Seton's encouragement, they decided to camp "Indian style." One of the boys was elected chief, while Seton, adopting the title Black Wolf, served as "medicine man." The gathering was such a success that Seton soon established a Senewauk Tribe of local boys, drafting basic rules of conduct and planning activities for their weekly meetings.

Convinced that boys everywhere might benefit from his program of games, woodcraft, and nature study, Seton persuaded the popular *Ladies' Home Journal* to allow him a regular column in which to publicize his program. "Ernest Thompson Seton's Boys" appeared in May 1902, and soon fifty or more groups had sprung up across the United States and Canada. Although he never intended to create a highly structured organization, he codified the guiding principles in *The Birch-Bark Roll of the Woodcraft Indians.*

Seton continued writing popular stories about animals and native peoples and, on a 1904 promotional tour, introduced his Woodcraft Indians to Britain with modest success. During a return trip in the fall of 1906, he was first introduced to the redoubtable Baden-Powell. A career cavalry officer and popular hero of the Siege of Mafeking in the recent Anglo-Boer War, Baden-Powell shared Seton's interest in shaping the characters of young men. He had famously commanded the Mafeking Cadets, an impromptu corps of youths who had helped defend the beleaguered South African town. He was now determined to establish a civilian boys' organization at home. Although he rejected the military trappings of existing groups such as the Boys' Brigades and Church Lads' Brigades, he shared the fear – pervasive before World War I – that a young generation of pale and pigeon-chested loafers could not possibly defend the Empire. His goal was to produce healthy and dutiful patriots. Still, he struggled to imagine a practical program that would appeal as much to the adventurous impulses of middle-class boys as to their parents, who were generally skeptical of overt military training. A leader in search of a movement, Baden-Powell was intrigued when a copy of Seton's *Birch-Bark Roll* arrived on his doorstep.

Seton must have been somewhat starstruck when he received a note from Baden-Powell, one of Britain's most beloved and influential public figures. Seton was flattered by his enthusiastic response. "I am sincerely grateful to you for your kindness in forwarding me your interesting *Birch Bark*," wrote B-P. "It may interest you to know that I had been drawing up a scheme with a handbook to it, for the education of boys as scouts – which essentially runs much on the lines of yours. So I need scarcely say that your work has a very special interest to me."

At Baden-Powell's invitation, the two met on October 30, 1906. Over lunch at London's Savoy Hotel, they discussed their mutual interest in youth activities and parted on friendly terms. They continued their correspondence over the following months, exchanging ideas and offering encouragement. Baden-Powell's thoughts on how to organize his program coalesced, and in the summer of 1907, he led the first experimental Boy Scout camp at Brownsea Island off the Dorset coast. Next, with the expert guidance of publishing

magnate C. Arthur Pearson, he presented his own handbook, *Scouting for Boys*, in serial form beginning in early 1908.

When Seton first read *Scouting for Boys* he was astonished, and then irate. He fired off a scathing letter to Baden-Powell, effectively charging him with plagiarism. "*The Birch Bark Roll*, now in its eighth edition," he claimed,

> *differs in no essential from the* Scouting for Boys, *it was in your possession when you formed your plans and must have contributed to helping you. Yet you give no hint of this. Next you have taken my games … made unimportant alterations in them, changing their names in most cases, and given them as though they were yours in spite of the fact that these were invented slowly, developed in the course of practice, and copyrighted solely by myself. This, you must admit, is not right … But more important to me, is the fact that you do not anywhere come out frankly and make it clear that for nine years I have been carrying on in America precisely the same movement, founding camps and teaching woodcraft and scouting to the boys as a means of developing manliness and character.*

No critic has ever accused Baden-Powell of literary greatness. In her recent analysis of the reissued first edition of *Scouting for Boys*, Elleke Boehmer describes it as a pastiche of "'true crime' anecdotes, stock adventure tales, campfire hints, potted history natural and imperial, first-aid tips, and recycled advice on the definitive scouting activities of observation and tracking," all mirroring the particular sensibilities – classist, racist, sexist, and imperialist – of Edwardian Britain. In creating the Boy Scouts and its pre-packaged founding text, Baden-Powell admitted to borrowing liberally from many sources. But did he truly steal Seton's movement?

Certainly Seton's influence is evident throughout *Scouting for Boys*. As charged, Baden-Powell was guilty of lifting a number of Woodcraft Indian games, often changing only their titles. "Spearing the Great Sturgeon" was transformed into "A Whale Hunt," and "Pole Star" became "Find the North." Baden-Powell did occasionally note Seton as a source, and he buried a cursory acknowledgment of the Woodcraft games in the final chapter. But the two boys' groups shared other fundamental similarities that Baden-Powell never credited. The Boy Scout patrol replicated the self-governing nature of the Woodcraft tribe, with peer leaders overseen by a responsible adult. As with Seton's Indians, each Scout group adopted its own animal or bird totem. And, most notably, the Boy Scouts incorporated a system of non-competitive honours or badges earned for performing physical feats or mastering certain skills, an original Woodcraft practice that had greatly impressed Baden-Powell.

Most contemporary boys' organizations, especially those devoted to scouting and camp craft, inevitably shared some basic aims and activities. True, Baden-Powell did not simply dress the Woodcraft Indians in new khaki uniforms. But Seton's contributions to the Boy Scout program were far more important than its founder ever felt comfortable admitting. Early on, for example, Seton had related that "among the [Woodcraft] Indians generally the Grey Wolf is considered the ideal Scout, because he sees everything and no one sees him. The Wolf, then, is the badge of their scouting order." Later, Baden-Powell proposed in *Scouting for Boys* that the title "Wolf" should be awarded annually to the most distinguished Scout. "The Red Indians of North America," he explained, "call their best Scout 'Grey Wolf,' because the grey wolf is a beast that sees everything and yet is never seen."

This unlicensed "borrowing" also had financial ramifications. Seton had allowed Baden-Powell to manufacture a small number of his patented "tracking irons" – special footwear that simulated deer tracks – with the understanding that subsequent copies would be subject to a new agreement. No such arrangement was ever negotiated, and, years later, Seton was disgusted to see his own design for sale in a London shop as "B-P Tracking Irons."

No wonder Seton felt cheated. Despite his repeated complaints, Baden-Powell remained, according to Boehmer, "affably nonplussed," never adequately

Scouting, Canadian style

Scouting first arrived in Canada early in 1908, only a few months after the initial publication of Baden-Powell's *Scouting for Boys*. The earliest Canadian Scout groups emerged spontaneously, without official support or encouragement. In fact, several communities, including St. Catharines and Merrickville, Ontario, and Port Morien, Nova Scotia, have claimed the distinction of hosting the nation's first Scout patrol. The movement soon spread throughout the country, and Baden-Powell persuaded Governor General Earl Grey to become the first Chief Scout of Canada in 1910. A council was established that summer, and the first annual meeting was held in Ottawa the following year. On June 12, 1914, the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scout Association was incorporated by an Act of Parliament. The Council remained a branch of the Boy Scout Association until October 30, 1946, when it became an independent member of the Boy Scout World Conference. In March 1961, the name was officially changed to Boy Scouts of Canada/Scouts du Canada. With the introduction of the current logo in 1976, the organization became commonly known as Scouts Canada. Since 1910, the Governor General has served as Chief Scout, with the title currently held by Her Excellency Michaëlle Jean.

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To Seton, the Scout motto "Be Prepared" betrayed a preoccupation with war. Even the prescription that Scouts do a daily "good turn" struck him as encouraging an "artificial" or "priggish" character.

This second, undated photograph suggests the relationship between Seton and Baden-Powell was more complex than either would admit.

acknowledging Seton's role in the creation of the Boy Scouts. Yet, more than the appropriation of games, totems, and badges, Seton resented the militaristic stamp he felt Baden-Powell had put on the movement. While Seton cherished the purity of the Woodcraft ideal, which sought to nurture imagination, self-reliance, and ultimately, spirituality, he saw the Boy Scouts as a scheme of "narrowly self-serving" military training that emphasized duty and obedience over individualism. To Seton, the Scout motto "Be Prepared" betrayed a preoccupation with war. Even the prescription that Scouts do a daily "good turn" struck him as encouraging an "artificial" or "priggish" character.

While Seton remained committed enough to serve as the first "Chief Scout" of the BSA, he eventually fell out with the organization's leadership, which decried his alleged "pacifism" during World War I and his reluctance to take American citizenship. He resigned his position in 1915, opting to concentrate his efforts on his own Woodcraft League.

Apologists for Baden-Powell have pointed to Seton's insecurity, even his troubled relationship with his father, to explain his obsession with B-P's alleged duplicity. They have argued that Seton's Woodcraft movement, with its romanticized "Indian" values and practices, was inherently less popular. Conversely, Baden-Powell's true genius was not necessarily his creativity, but rather his grasp of what sort of movement would have the broadest possible appeal to children, their parents, and society at large. While the Boy Scouts grew rapidly into an international phenomenon – for years *Scouting for Boys* outsold every book except the Bible in the English-speaking world – the Woodcraft movement became an "irrelevant curiosity," according to Scouts historian Tim Jeal. After all, B-P's supporters contend, Seton was jealous of Baden-Powell's

Scouts stuff

Canada's largest museum devoted to the Scouting movement began in 1976 when Fran Moon, wife of the late Ron Moon, decided she wanted her basement back. Ron, a distillery manager and resident of Belleville, Ontario, began collecting Scouting memorabilia after Fran was made the first female district president for Scouting in the Belleville area. But, after a decade, his collection had outgrown the bounds of an average house. An early home was found in Belleville's St. Thomas Parish Hall before moving in 1987 to the upper floor of the Sir James Whitney School for the Deaf.

Today the Belleville Scout-Guide Museum holds 30,000 artifacts, from early Scouting handbooks to complete sets of provincial, Canadian, and world jamboree badges. Most of the latter, which number around 5,000, are displayed along "Badge Alley," a 3.3-metre-long hallway with floor cases and wall displays that opens into a hundred-square-metre history and uniform display, complete with Scout and Guide uniforms from the early 1900s to 2000. The museum's most significant artifact rests on a desk in the museum's re-creation of Robert Baden-Powell's study at Pax Hill, his home in Hampshire, England - it's an inkwell, used by Baden-Powell himself, bought at auction in the early 1940s after the Scout founder's 1941 death, and later given to Canadian World War I flying ace Wilfrid "Wop" May, whose family donated it to the museum.

For more information about the Belleville Scout-Guide Museum visit ‹www3.sympatico.ca/pandj›.

—Robert White

success and could never admit that he had been bested at his own game.

Psychoanalysis aside, perhaps Seton did let his frustration with Baden-Powell colour his recollection of events to some degree. A case in point: another lesser-known photograph of Seton, Baden-Powell, and Beard together. It was likely taken during Baden-Powell's 1910 visit, around the same time as the infamous shot on the YMCA roof. In this portrait the group is identically arranged, with Baden-Powell ensconced in a chair, and Seton and Beard standing by his side. The existence of this second, obviously posed photo calls into question Seton's memory that it was B-P's one-time trickery that put him in a subordinate position.

Seton remained a respected figure in the scouting world despite his departure from the BSA, and for years his longstanding feud with Baden-Powell was carefully concealed. Although he devoted a chapter of his memoirs to the controversy, his publisher convinced him to drop it for propriety's sake when Baden-Powell died in 1941. Even after Seton's own death in 1946, his tale remained untold. His second wife, Julie, released his private journals in 1967, but deliberately excluded any criticism of Baden-Powell, as the book was timed to coincide with the dedication of the new Ernest Thompson Seton Memorial Library and Museum at the BSA's Philmont Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico. Not until the 1980s, when scholars began to look more critically at Baden-Powell and the origins of the Boy Scout movement, was the extent of Seton's influence reconsidered.

Seton may never have achieved the exalted status that Baden-Powell still enjoys, but he has hardly been forgotten. A variety of Woodcraft groups inspired by his ideas are active around the world, while his legacy as an "artist, naturalist, story-teller, author, philosopher, and leader par excellence" is preserved by the non-profit Ernest Thompson Seton Institute, Inc. (ETSI), in Sante Fe, New Mexico, and by ETSI Canada in Winnipeg. Seton may well have felt thwarted in life. But, more than a century after he created the Woodcraft movement, his unique vision of outdoor education for youth and his fundamental belief in the interdependence of humanity and nature clearly continue to resonate.

An Ottawa native (and former Cub Scout), Matthew R. Laird, Ph.D. is an archaeological and historical consultant in Fredericksburg, Virginia. His article, "Maple Leaf Yanks," appeared in the April/May 2002 issue of *The Beaver*.

Centennial of scouting

The year 2007 marks the centennial of the Boy Scout movement, commemorating Sir Robert Baden-Powell's first Scout camp at Brownsea Island. Canadian Scouts are expected to join 40,000 young people from around the world to mark the occasion in July and August at the twenty-first World Scout Jamboree in Hylands Park, Essex, England. In Canada, Scouts are scheduled to gather on the shores of Lake Tamaracouta, Quebec, on August 1 for a sunrise ceremony celebrating scouting at CJ'07, Canada's eleventh National Jamboree.

Et Cetera

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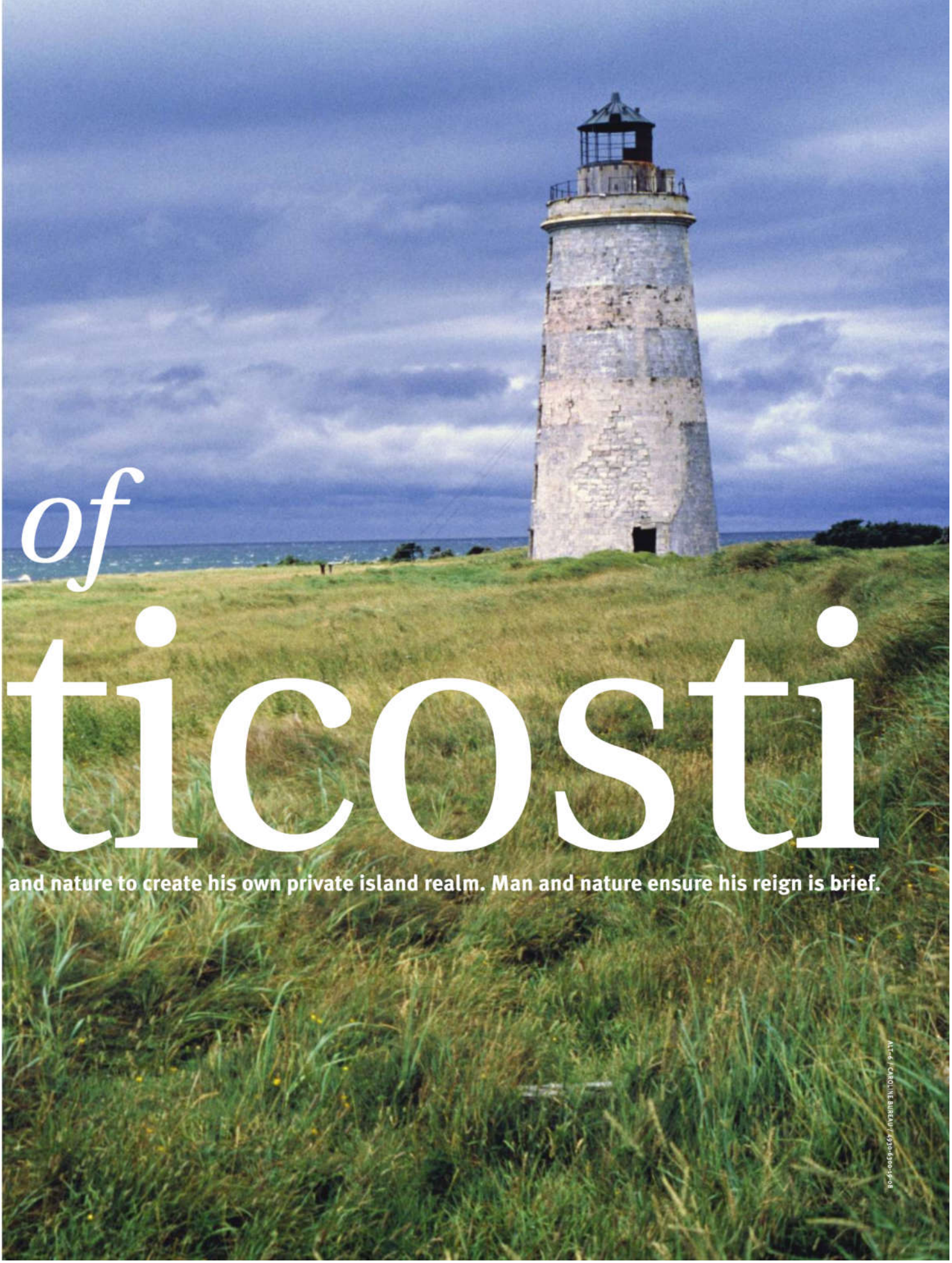
The King An

Henri Menier, 1853–1913.

BIBLIOTHEQUE ET ARCHIVES NATIONALES DU QUEBEC

A millionaire French chocolatier bends man

by Mark Reynolds



of ticosti

and nature to create his own private island realm. Man and nature ensure his reign is brief.

ALT-6 / CAROLINE BUREAU / 4930-6900-SF-08

In the summer of 1900, passengers on ships passing the island of Anticosti on their way upriver to Quebec City might have craned their necks at the sight of smoke rising from the northeast coast. Numerous fires were burning, sending smoky clouds trailing away in the Gulf of St. Lawrence breeze. The romantically inclined might have thought the whole effect not unlike a steamship moving forward through the waves.

On the island, flames reflected in his deceptively soft-looking eyes, Georges Martin-Zédé would have found that an apt analogy. The island *was* moving forward, finally. Watching fire consume the houses, shacks, and sheds of the English settlers he had expelled after so many years of struggle, the Frenchman saw the fires as powering the island toward a glorious future.

This place – Fox Bay, as the English Protestants had called it – was a sore, and would be wiped from the map, figuratively and literally. Its former inhabitants were already in Manitoba, where they would have to take up farming after decades of fishing from these shores. And if a few unfortunates sickened, starved, or even died in that strange land – well, that was a lesson for them. This place – larger than Prince Edward Island, with only a sprinkling of permanent inhabitants – would blossom like a garden, bustle with new life, and become a monument to the greatness of its owner, Henri Menier, the chocolate king of France.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE ET ARCHIVES NATIONALES DU QUÉBEC

Georges Martin-Zédé, Menier's agent, who brought Anticosti to the millionaire's attention as a possible personal fiefdom.

Martin-Zédé turned away from the heat of the fire. He had work to do.

By 1895, Henri Menier had it all. The scion of a small-scale chocolate manufacturing family, he had turned his inheritance into one of the most successful businesses in France. Menier chocolates were sold throughout Europe; their iconic advertisements – each featuring a small girl writing "Chocolat Menier" across a wall – were fixtures in periodicals of the day.

Menier was the model of the *belle époque* millionaire. He was the mayor of Noisel, the village outside Paris where his business was based. He owned two castles in northern France and was an avid sportsman and adventurer. When he and some friends (with the resources to share his taste in leisure pursuits) conducted an Indian Ocean expedition, Menier armed his steam yacht with a huge arsenal, including naval guns, repeating rifles, revolvers, and, for a romantic touch, cutlasses.

Fantasies of swashbuckling adventure in the South Seas could not sustain the hubris of the chocolate king of France forever. He wanted a place of his own. An island,

ALT-6 / ALAIN DUMAS / 4930-9500-04-14

Anticosti Island's Vauréal Falls, named after Vauréal in France, where Henri Menier owned a home.

ALT-6 / ALAIN DUMAS / 4930-6300-04-14

The thirty-room hunting lodge known locally as "Le Château" that Henri Menier had constructed for him on Anticosti Island at the turn of the last century.

where he could hunt what he wanted and pursue his whims whenever he liked.

Where he could set the rules.

In 1895, an agent in Paris brought Anticosti to Menier's attention. Here was a place – wild, isolated, and of a scale to match the ambitions of any aspiring sovereign – bigger than even Napoleon's Corsica! Nearly uninhabited, it was going for a song – $125,000.

Menier quickly dispatched his friend Georges Martin-Zédé to inspect the island before committing to purchasing it. It was a fateful assignment for the thirty-two-year old, whose future would be irrevocably changed by his patron's mission.

DAWN HUCK

Martin-Zédé went first to Montreal, where he began to understand why such a large parcel of land was going for such a pittance. Visiting the consul general of France, Menier's envoy was disheartened to hear "that Anticosti was nothing but a 'geographical expression,' that it was a haven for shipwreckers, a breeding ground for mosquitoes, a rock without trees or vegetation of any kind."

Anticosti's history certainly bore out such a pessimistic assessment. The first permanent resident was Louis Joliet, who was awarded the territory in 1681 for his famous expedition in search of the Mississippi. He traded with Montagnais native peoples who had named it "hunting place of the bears," for which activity they would cross the gulf each summer. Joliet made a tidy living supplying pelts and salmon to Quebec City until his home was destroyed in 1690 by the fleet of William Phipps on its way to an ill-fated siege of Quebec City. This act of spite ruined Joliet, who died ten years later on the island.

Subsequent attempts to exploit the island met with failure. The last colonization scheme before Menier's involvement had led to the bankruptcy of the Governor and Company of Anticosti Island, the brainchild of English businessmen Francis and Thomas Stockwell. They, in turn, had purchased the island at auction for $101,000 in 1884 after a previous colonial experiment had been run into the ground by mismanagement and fraud.

Martin-Zédé cared little for these tales of woe. His patron's goal was not colonization, but hunting. The less settled the land, the better.

He left Montreal to inspect the island for himself. Touring the coast in the steamer *Eureka*, Martin-Zédé found that Anticosti in summer teased him with glimpses of the pleasures it offered a passionate sportsman – plentiful salmon and flocks of birds "darkening the sky above our heads." Anticosti's natural charms had won him over. Its people would not be nearly as endearing.

The settlers on Anticosti were largely the descendants of previous colonization schemes. Most lived around English Bay on the southwestern tip of the island and were fishermen and subsistence farmers from the Gaspé area. Fox Bay, at the opposite end of the island, had been settled some twenty years before by Methodist Newfoundland fishermen. Technically, they owed rent to the Stockwells' company for use of the land, though they were usually in arrears. Arriving as a potential new landlord and accompanied by a

magistrate bent on collecting rent for the previous owners, Martin-Zédé's visit was an inauspicious introduction to the Fox Bay residents. "On seeing us, Baker [a Fox Bay settler] looked at us very darkly and spat tobacco on the pile of lobsters he was working at. Needless to say, this took away any desire to taste the product."

Despite the hostile reception, Martin-Zédé returned to Paris with big plans, determined that Menier should purchase Anticosti. "I had set out with the thought of finding a preserve for fishing and shooting. I returned with the very decided opinion that this island … was too enormous to be made into a mere summer residence. Unquestionably, sooner or later, we should engage in colonization," he recorded in his journal. Inspired, Menier agreed and named his friend the director general of the project.

Martin-Zédé immediately set about building the foundations of the new enterprise, incorporated as La Societé Industrielle et Commericial du Bas St-Laurent. In Quebec City supplies were purchased, plans for a new model village drawn up, and dreams discussed.

Not forgetting his training as a lawyer, Martin-Zédé drafted a series of laws by which the inhabitants of his liege's new land were to abide. Twenty-eight articles, with more added over the years, governed activities normally considered the sole jurisdiction of the provincial or federal governments. Alcohol was banned, as was any trade not sanctioned by Menier or his agents. Firearms of any kind had to be personally approved by the candy mogul. Most importantly, all hunting or fishing was forbidden – that privilege remained Menier's alone.

Trouble came quickly. On Menier's first visit in the summer of 1896 – on his well-armed yacht, the *Valléda* – the Fox Bay residents were no friendlier than before. Menier and his men posted the twenty-eight articles that would serve as law on the telegraph office and several homes. Martin-Zédé stated: "If they would adhere strictly to our regulations they might continue living there, but if they weren't willing to do that, then we would be obliged to take the measures we considered necessary to protect our property."

As the *Valléda* steamed out of the little harbour that evening, the fishermen made their response, peppering the posted regulations with gunfire. Hearing the shots, Menier speculated that the area would make an excellent site for a lobster cannery once the residents were cleared out. The war was on.

Martin-Zédé hired a lawyer to begin proceedings against the impoverished fishermen of Fox Bay. With Menier's money pouring in like chocolate syrup, he continued his colonization project near St. Claire – formerly English Bay, until Menier renamed it in honour of his mother. New homes were built, a road begun, and telephone lines strung. Despite warnings that farm animals would never thrive in the island's cool climate, he imported cows, sheep, and chickens.

And while the village of St. Claire grew, Menier's lieutenant had not forgotten his patron's original purpose in acquiring the island. Unfortunately, the numerous bears, foxes, and smaller animals native to Anticosti were not enough for Menier's sanguinary appetite. Martin-Zédé was instructed to stock the island with a more varied and challenging menagerie – elk, moose, beaver, reindeer, buffalo, and, fatefully, 220 white-tailed deer.

As Martin-Zédé's legal proceedings to expel the Fox Bay "squatters" wound through the courts, media attention increased. That a Frenchman dared to impose his own laws on Canadian citizens on Canadian soil inflamed national tensions, polarizing French and English speakers.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE ET ARCHIVES NATIONALES DU QUÉBEC

Hunting was one of Henri Menier's passions. While his agent Georges Martin-Zédé busied himself ridding Anticosti of its human occupants, he was stocking it with a menagerie of big game to better suit his master's appetite. Today, the island is a Quebec provincial park and game reserve.

The Fox Bay residents had friends. The Methodist church took up the cause, and newspapers across Canada and the United States printed alarming stories focusing on the large armory that Menier kept on his yacht – his newest vessel was in fact a 1,200-ton, armoured behemoth he bought from a Russian prince. He had installed naval weaponry on this vessel. Was Menier a front for the French government, bent on reconquering Canada? Rumours flew, including one that government vessels were standing by to engage with Menier's "fleet." The government took rumours of weapons stockpiling seriously enough to dispatch an inspection of the island under the cover of a visit by Governor General, the Earl of Minto, in 1901. He found nothing suspicious.

French-language papers in Quebec rushed to Menier's defense. Montreal's *La Patrie* wrote that in place of "denigrations, the [English press] should celebrate his achievements," after they sent a reporter to visit Anticosti in 1899. Dismissing the rumours of Menier's "fortification" of the island, the paper observed, "This excellent Frenchman, with his millions and genius for business and his enterprising spirit, has begun the civi-

lization of this immense domain abandoned all these years." As well, shipwrecks on the notoriously dangerous shores of Anticosti were down, noted the author, "probably because the shipwreckers have left or been sent away." That the Fox Bay residents profited from salvage is likely – since the nineteenth-century Anticosti residents had ameliorated their fortunes by plundering the disintegrating hulls that lined Anticosti's shores like skeletal trophies on a mantelpiece, acquiring a fearful reputation in the process (see sidebar on page 39). However, there is no evidence to suggest that anyone in Fox Bay deliberately lured any vessel to its doom.

In the end, the Canadian government backed Menier's right to evict the Fox Bay settlers and sent a ship to carry the seventy souls to Quebec City. From there, they travelled to Manitoba by train. Their homes on the northern tip of the island were burned, and Baie du Renard, as it is now known, became the site of a lobster cannery, staffed by Menier employees and supplied by Quebec fishermen.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE ET ARCHIVES NATIONALES DU QUÉBEC

The end of an era. In October 1953, Menier's derelict mansion was set ablaze.

In the village of St. Claire, capital of the chocolate king's realm, the baker, butcher, factory manager, agricultural specialists, road crew, and teachers were all Menier employees. Their livelihood – and the tenure on the island – depended on the whim of his agents there.

The authoritarian Martin-Zédé had no shortage of whims. He fired an entire road crew for complaining about their foreman. He launched a quixotic crusade against Anticosti's notoriously vicious insect life. He banned dogs, believing that they spread disease. (Even today, there are no dogs on Anticosti.)

For Menier, Martin-Zédé constructed a palace worthy of the proprietor of the largest privately owned island in the world. Completed in 1905, it was four stories tall and held thirty rooms, including a giant hall lined with hunting trophies. At the head of the hall stood a giant chair, reserved for Menier, in which he could hold court over social gatherings. The photographs of Menier captured his adventures around the world or showed him inspecting Anticosti's model farms, fishing its fecund waterways, or, in one image, with "one foot on a fallen bear, his hand in his jacket in a Napoleonic pose."

In the turret – accessible only by a secret staircase – Menier had a telescope through which he could cast his eye over his kingdom. Peering closely, he might have seen the beginning of its demise.

St. Claire was rapidly depopulating in favour of the newer settlement of Port Menier (formerly Ellis Bay) to the south on the western tip of the island. Baie du Renard had only fourteen families. While some revenue was earned every year from fishing and fur trading – and ironically, the reselling of booty from the occasional shipwreck – it came nowhere close to the hundreds of thousands of dollars Menier pumped into the island every year. An attempt to grow fruit trees failed utterly. Efforts to make the island self-sufficient in food were thwarted by a growing season that lasted for only three months.

On the other hand, lumber was becoming a money-maker, and Martin-Zédé had dreams of developing Anticosti's tourism potential. However, in 1913, Henri Menier died suddenly at the age of sixty. With his death, the family business – including Anticosti Island – reverted to his brother Gaston. Martin-Zédé hurried to Paris to report on his work overseas and on the plans to further develop Menier's nascent colony. "M. Gaston Menier … then said to me that his opinion would be to not make … any new plans to exploit the island. He had always been opposed to these ideas of his brother and in his opinion the money spent had been a dead loss."

Martin-Zédé was crushed. The colony he had created was finished.

Forty years later, in October 1953, a few hundred Anticosti islanders and some seasonal forestry workers gathered in a crowd just outside Port Menier, in the shadow of the grand mansion they knew as "Le Château." At first there was nothing to see, but soon enough, tendrils of smoke began to escape from the windows. The crackling turned into a roar, and an inferno had the chocolate king's castle firmly in its grip. The derelict building had become a fire hazard, and so was intentionally set ablaze. Within hours, the most visible symbol of Menier's rule was gone.

Nonetheless, Menier had a greater influence on the island than anyone before or since his time – more than the logging companies that ruled the island for nearly fifty years after Gaston sold the property following his brother's death – which gave Martin-Zédé a $300,000 cut of the $6,500,000 proceeds.

In the decades after World War II, it became too costly to ship the island's products to mainland markets. Yet the qualities that had drawn Menier to the

Graveyard of the Gulf

The fishermen of the *Victory* knew that the gloom that enveloped the forests of Anticosti like a shroud was a bad omen. They hailed from the Magdalene Islands, and in June 1829, they had taken shelter from a storm on Anticosti. As ice floes drifted by like ghosts, they sailed down the coast to Fox Bay, where they knew a government cairn held provisions. There, they came across a small boat that had recently been pulled up on the shore. There was no sign of a larger vessel that it could have come from across the stormy gulf.

Suspecting that the island known as "The Graveyard of the Gulf" had claimed another wreck, a party led by the *Victory*'s captain, Bernard Giasson, disembarked to investigate, shouting to alert any survivors that rescue was at hand. There was no reply. One man, unnerved by the silence that mocked their calls, suggested the party return to the Victory for a firearm. Two muskets were retrieved from the schooner, and the group entered the woods.

As the silence grew more oppressive, potential terrors occupied the sailors' minds. Could natives have killed the castaways? And if so, could the natives be lurking in these woods? But there were other fears, as there were so many tales surrounding this mysterious island. Some sailors might have kept a sharp lookout for Louis Gamache – the dread "Wizard of Anticosti."

Some seven years earlier, Gamache had settled near Ellis Bay on the other end of Anticosti. Isolated on the remote island, with no law to protect him from opportunists who might rob him of his stores or fur, he ensured no one would dare.

Thus, he cultivated a reputation of violence and cruelty. Over time, his reputation took on elements of the supernatural, and mothers would frighten their children into better behaviour with tales of the Wizard of Anticosti. It was said that Gamache consorted with the devil, and through him, he was able to sail faster than any man on the seas. Some believed that Gamache deliberately set lights to lure unwary vessels to crash in the Graveyard of the Gulf so he could plunder their cargos.

Despite his reputation, Gamache could bear no blame for what the fishermen discovered that late spring afternoon. In the days that followed, their ghoulish tale spread down the coast and was reported in the Quebec *Mercury*. Upon arriving at the shelter, the sailors "were struck by horror at the sight of a number of dead bodies and a quantity of bones and putrid flesh."

The fishermen counted thirteen bodies in and around the shelter, including one man – evidently the last to die – lying in a hammock without visible injury. They entered a small outhouse behind the shelter, "where they were surprised to find five more bodies, suspended by a rope thrown across the beams; the entrails had been removed and little more than skeletons remained, the flesh having apparently been cut off."

This was too much for the crew of the *Victory*. Taking some personal effects to identify the victims and the ship's log that they found in the shelter, they raced back to their vessel and home to the Magdalene Islands, where they reported their gruesome discovery.

Years later, Bernard Giasson would tell a friend that he recalled with absolute clarity the two pots that hung in the shelter's fireplace, "one crammed with legs, the other with arms ... hands sticking up out of the water ... with palms up as if seeking mercy." **– M.R.**

island in the first place began to attract sportsmen eager to pit their rods against Anticosti's streams. When pulp and paper company Consolidated-Bathurst left Anticosti in 1972, the Quebec government stepped in, purchasing the entire island, its buildings, and company equipment for $26 million.

Today, Anticosti is a provincial park and game reserve. On an island where Menier had reserved all hunting rights for himself, now Anticosti's main industry levels the playing field. It attracts guides and game hunters, mostly outdoor enthusiasts from the United States.

The bears that gave Anticosti its name are gone – and not because of overhunting. Rather, they were unable to compete with a relentless and voracious invader. For today, Anticosti is home to roughly 170,000 white-tailed deer – every one a descendant of the 220-strong herd Menier brought to the island a century before.

Mark Reynolds is a Canadian writer currently living in Strasbourg, France. His last article for *The Beaver*, "Citizen Mézière," appeared in the August/September 2005 issue.

Et Cetera

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MOUNTAIN WOMAN

When Mary Schäffer Warren discovered a mythical lake in the Rocky Mountains, it was pristine – until word got out. by Stephen R. Bown and Nicky L. Brink

With the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rocky Mountains in 1886, and with the new Canadian government and CPR actively promoting a British presence in the western mountains, the lure to explore these wild lands was irresistible to wealthy eccentrics. Just after the turn of the century, Mary Schäffer Warren, a Philadelphia Quaker, began a long association with Canada's mountain wilderness. Several years after the death of her husband in 1903, she threw aside the shackles of social propriety and did the unthinkable for a woman at that time – she became a wilderness explorer. The Stoney Nakoda recognized her as a unique species of traveller, eventually naming her "Yahe-Weha" – mountain woman.

Schäffer was not the typical wealthy gentlewoman of the time. Despite her fear of horses and bears and recurring bouts of neuralgia, she evolved from a pampered and charming socialite to a competent and knowledgeable woodswoman, comfortable in the wilderness for months at a time. In 1893, during her first experience camping, she looked out from her tent "upon that magnificent scene with chattering teeth and shivering bodies." She wrote, "I vowed never again to camp in the Canadian Rockies."

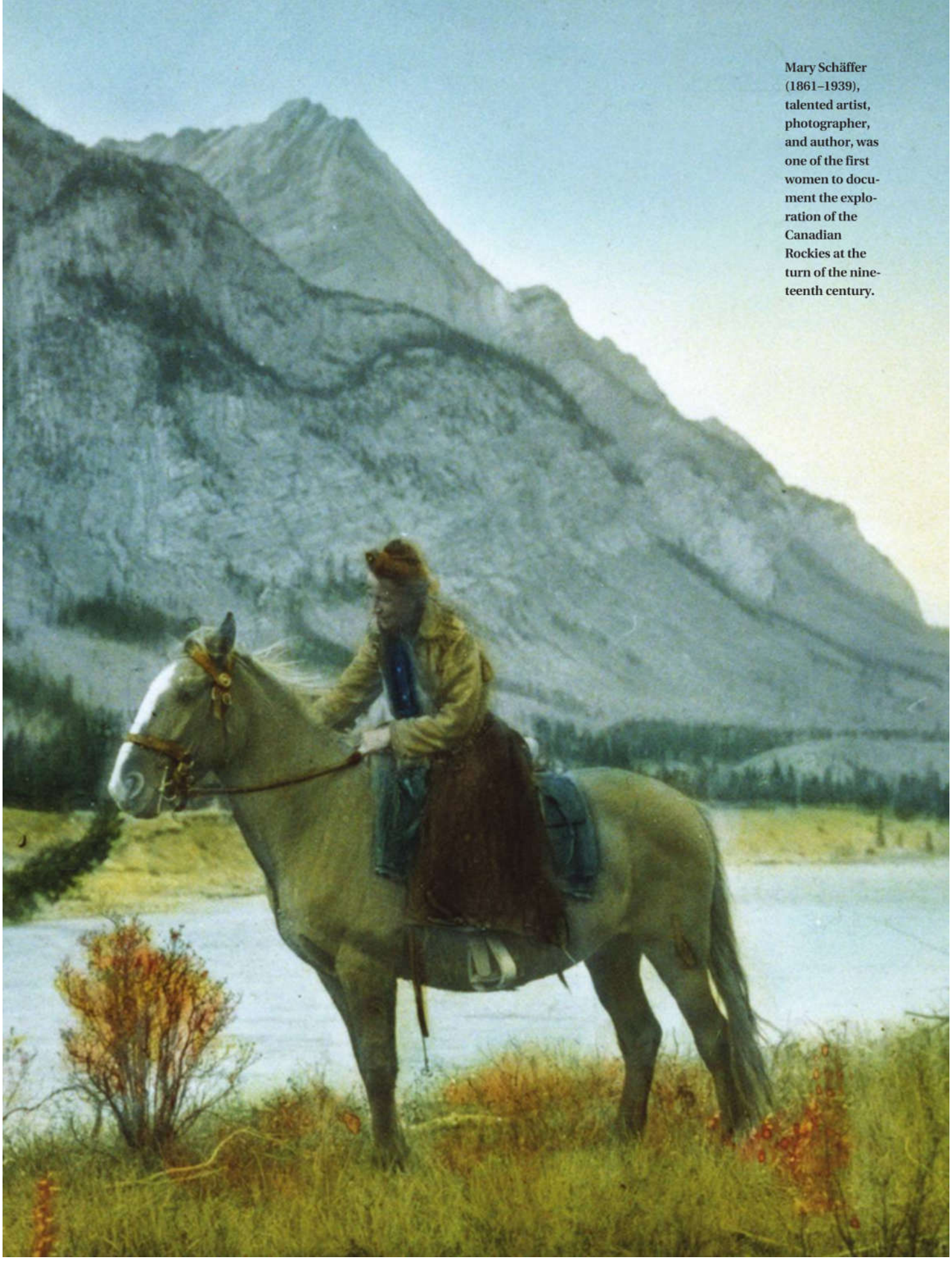
Years later, however, when she was well known for her wilderness escapades, Schäffer's opinion of the wilderness had changed dramatically. "We have passed weeks of showery or snowy days in the hills," she claimed proudly, and "never knew ourselves to catch cold, and on taking everything into account could only conclude that nature meant us all to be wild flowers instead of houseplants."

Mary Townsend Sharples was born to a wealthy Quaker family in West Chester, near Philadelphia, on October 4, 1861. Highly educated – as was Quaker tradition – in natural history, mathematics, literature, and painting, her early life revolved around the cultured society and drawing rooms of Philadelphia. During the 1890s she made annual trips to the Canadian Rockies with her much older husband, Dr. Charles Schäffer, to collect botanical specimens for a natural history book, while staying in the luxury CPR hotels in Banff, Laggan Station (Lake Louise), Stephen House (Field), and Glacier.

After the death of her husband in 1903, Mary Schäffer's desire to venture farther afield increased, as she was free to explore. In 1907, the same year the Canadian government created Jasper Forest Park, Schäffer and her companion Mollie Adams, a New York geology teacher, planned an ambitious expedition into the wilds. A wilderness expedition was not considered appropriate for women of their social background, and at forty-six, Schäffer was expected to be matronly and domestic rather than daring and adventurous. But "why not?" she asked. "We can starve as well as they; the muskeg will be no softer for us than for them; the ground will be no harder to sleep upon; the waters no deeper to swim, nor the bath colder if we fall in."

Schäffer, Adams, and two guides, Billy Warren and Sid Unwin, set out with a pack train of horses in late June to "penetrate to the head waters of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca rivers." During the three-month season they followed the old Indian trails over Bow Pass along the North Saskatchewan to Brazeau Lake and Fortress Lake before returning over Howse Pass to Field. A chance encounter in September gave Schäffer her first concrete evidence of a mysterious lake called *Chaba Imne*, or Beaver Lake, that was rumoured to lie

WHYTE MUSEUM OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES | V527/PS-1



Mary Schäffer (1861–1939), talented artist, photographer, and author, was one of the first women to document the exploration of the Canadian Rockies at the turn of the nineteenth century.

WHYTE MUSEUM OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES / V439/PSW-1

Mollie Adams, Mary Schäffer, their guide, Billy Warren (whom Schäffer married in 1915), and Joe Barker at camp, sometime around 1908.

somewhere north of Brazeau Lake. A Stoney Nakoda named Sampson Beaver related how he had been there in his youth and scrawled a rough map for her – "a tiny grubby bit of paper" where "a very scribbly spot was a pass" and "something which looked like a squashed spider [was] a mountain." They failed to find the lake that season, but spent the winter of 1907–1908 planning a more thorough expedition.

"In the spring of 1908," she wrote in her classic 1911 book of mountain exploration *Old Indian Trails of the Canadian Rockies*, "a small party of six … unnoticed by a solitary soul, slipped quietly away from civilisation and were lost, so far as the world was concerned, in a sea of mountains to the north. Our quest was a mythical lake spoken of by the Stoney Indians." The lake was not entirely a mystery, but it likely hadn't seen visitors in decades.

Schäffer, her entourage, and about a dozen horses departed Laggan Station in June after a spring that "crept by like a snail" and headed north to the Columbia Icefield. From there, the pack train wound its way up and over boulder-strewn Nigel Pass and descended into the Brazeau River Valley. From a windswept promontory overlooking Brazeau Lake they spied "a gap in the hills west of the lake" that was likely the pass they were searching for, according to Sampson's crude map. For several days they struggled through dense forests along the shore of the lake on a faintly discernable trail that was covered in deadfall and scrub. It was hard going – Poboktan Pass was "fierce" with "quick changes from burnt timber to rock climbing, muskeg, quicksand, scree slopes and mud slides." The drizzly weather and uncertain route weighed heavily upon them. "There was an absence of joking," Schäffer recalled, "there was no whistling in front or warbling of the latest popular song in the rear."

According to Sampson's map they were to leave this valley "at the third creek coming in from the right," but Schäffer noted with exasperation that they had already passed about a dozen creeks swollen with meltwater and it was hard to keep their bearings. As a mirror to their thoughts they "could see the sun just setting in a bank of angry clouds, the wind, which had not been any too pleasant all day, began to howl and sob."

The next morning, July 4, "it took a terrible lot of courage to emerge from the warm blankets, from which position we noted six inches of snow over everything." The travellers huddled about the smoldering fire and drank their barely warm coffee. The bacon was "like candle-grease." Cold and miserable, they packed up camp and set off down "a fire swept valley" where the axes were constantly swinging, chopping deadfall from the trail. From the crest of a pass, now known as Maligne Pass, they hastily descended to the valley bottom, where they spent another night at an old Indian encampment.

The scenery was magnificent. The valley was blooming with a breathtaking "mass of forget-me-nots, great splashes of intense blue, as though a bit of the sky had fallen." After stopping for a break in the early afternoon, Sid Unwin, increasingly impatient and anxious, announced he was setting off to climb a nearby mountain and "see if that lake's within twenty

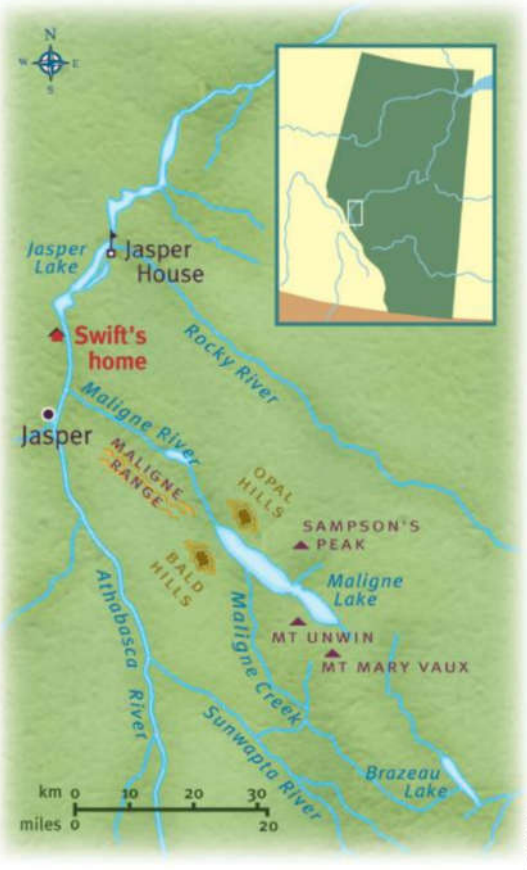
miles of here, and I'm not coming back until I know." The remaining five waited out the afternoon and evening "tormented by hordes of mosquitoes" and their own fears. When the sun had set and dusk crept over the land, they made a fire as a beacon to Unwin. He didn't return until 10:30 p.m., exhausted and hungry, but also elated as he announced, "I've found the lake!"

The next morning the excited troupe rose, hastily ate breakfast, and led the horses along the overgrown trail for about two hours until they emerged from the woods, wandered out onto a gravel beach, and beheld the vast expanse of Maligne Lake stretching far down the valley north and south. The next day they began the construction of a large raft to explore the lake.

The raft was a crude, overloaded conglomerate of green logs that ponderously swayed with the waves, with water washing over the floor whenever someone shifted position. The group poled the "clumsy little craft, foot by foot, past exquisite bays and inlets," working their way toward what they assumed was the head of the lake in the south. What they supposed to be the southern shore, however, was only a narrowing of the lake that led to an even grander spectacle. The view of the lake opened up, revealing it to be twice as large as they had supposed, stretching to the horizon and bounded by mighty peaks. "There burst upon us," Schäffer wrote, "that which, all in our little company agreed, was the finest view any of us had ever beheld in the Rockies."

As they rafted the perimeter of the great lake they named many of the nearby mountains after themselves and their friends. Schäffer marvelled, "How pure and undefiled it was! We searched for some sign that others had been there – not a teepee-pole, not a charred stick, not even tracks of game; just masses of flowers, the lap-lap of the waters on the shore, the occasional reverberating roar of an avalanche, and our own voices, stilled by a nameless Presence." Several days later, on July 12, they returned to their original camp, "thus ending probably the first voyage ever taken on Maligne Lake." Today, boat tours take people from the north end of the lake, where the road from Jasper ends, to the narrows to behold the solemn undisturbed wilderness of the southern portion of the lake.

WHYTE MUSEUM OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES / V4/30/PS-4/DETAIL



DAWN HUCK

Schäffer and her party continued to adventure and explore until September when the season ended and they unceremoniously retreated back over Maligne Pass, bidding "farewell to the only kingdom we could call our own."

Mary Schäffer climbing with her companion, Mollie Adams, a New York geology teacher. Schäffer added colour to the original black and white versions of these images, tinting them by hand.

Schäffer began to write of her adventures in numerous magazines and newspapers as well as in her book *Old Indian Trails of the Canadian Rockies*. She became a celebrity. In 1910 she was asked by Dr. D.B. Dowling of the Geological Survey of Canada to lead a survey expedition of Maligne Lake. The lake and surrounding mountains were excluded from Jasper Forest Park in 1911, when the park's size was shrunk from about 13,000 square kilometres to 2,600 square kilometres, mostly bordering the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific Railway (see sidebar, page 46). Although it was official policy not to hire women for surveying work, Dowling hoped that Schäffer's fame as a writer and explorer would attract public attention and assist efforts to reincorporate Maligne Lake within the park boundaries.

During the three years since Schäffer had last visited the region, great changes had occurred. Many tourists were being guided into the backcountry; the era of discoveries was drawing to a close, and the new northern railway was bringing a wave of westward-bound

pioneers. "Two summers have flooded those valleys with sunshine," she wrote, "three winters have choked them with snow, but nothing has held back the tide of 'improvement' foretold by the harmless-looking line of white pegs [survey markers], and many are those who rejoice in the fact. Not so ourselves. With every mile over which we hear the 'python' has worked his way still further into the hills comes a fresh pang of regret that, inch by inch, our pet playgrounds are being swallowed up … With all the time and seasons fled, however, there still lived in my mind the memory of the beautiful lake and an ever increasing desire to see it once more before it too fell under the fatal breath of 'improvement'."

Schäffer and her entourage rode the train as far as the temporary boomtown of Prairie Creek, near present-day Hinton, where they met their two guides, Sid Unwin and Jack Otto. From that point on they rode horses, which was the preferred mode of travel. But they were nowhere near wilderness. The muddy, rutted track heading west had been cleared for the railway, and thousands of pioneers driving their heavily loaded carts clogged the trail.

They spent several days following the Athabasca River into the mountains, "still looking for the wilds." They then led their pack train east toward Curator Mountain in the Maligne Range, beyond which lay Maligne Lake. On June 24, 1911, they began constructing a boat. They spent a month at the lake, exploring nearby valleys and surveying the shores. "Beautiful? Of course it was," she wrote. With much reluctance the small group departed on July 23, retraced their route to the railway, and returned to the outside world. "Each day," Schäffer reflected on their return journey, "was a 'farewell' to some spot which for the moment had been our very own. The wedge had been driven in; in another year the secret places would be secret no more."

For the following year, Schäffer devoted her considerable energy lobbying for the inclusion of Maligne Lake within Jasper Forest Park. Both the Canadian National Railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific were also agitating for larger parks. The rail line passed through some of the most spectacular alpine scenery in the world, and they wanted to maximize the tourism potential. Finally, protection of the area was assured on June 24, 1912, when the boundaries of Jasper Forest Park were expanded to reincorporate Maligne Lake.

Mary Schäffer Warren's horizons expanded as well. That same year, she moved from Philadelphia to Banff and eventually married her much younger guide and travelling companion, Billy Warren. She continued to write and lobby for wilderness preservation, but in her later years, she did less travelling. She died in Banff in 1939 – the same year the first road north from Lake Louise to Jasper was completed, bisecting the wilderness she had spent her later life exploring.

One Hundred Years of Jasper National Park

Canada's sixth national park, and the largest of the four Rocky Mountain parks, was formed one hundred years ago in 1907. Originally called Jasper Forest Park, named after Jasper Hawse, who ran a fur-trade outpost near the present-day townsite of Jasper, it covered a greater area, nearly 13,000 square kilometres, than its present-day boundaries.

In 1911, the park was reduced in size when Parliament passed the Dominion Forest Reserve and Parks Act. The purpose of the act was to separate the parks from other Crown land known as forest reserves, which would be open for development and resource extraction. The government determined that the new parks would have to be patrolled, as wildlife preservation was one of the primary objectives for the land designated as parks. Since Jasper and other parks were so large, protecting and patrolling them would be expensive and difficult. Therefore, the reasoning followed, the parks needed to be smaller. Jasper Forest Park was shrunk to about one-fifth of its original size, mostly bordering the railway. It was a strange logic: The terrain would be better off as unprotected Crown land open for exploitation rather than as an inadequately patrolled park.

The government was treated to a growing chorus of complaints, led chiefly by people such as Mary Schäffer and the powerful and influential Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways. On June 24, 1907, Jasper Forest Park reincorporated Maligne Lake, making it about 11,400 square kilometres. The National Parks Act of 1930 formally established the current boundaries of the four Rocky Mountain National Parks, and Jasper Forest Park became Jasper National Park.

Stephen Bown and Nicky Brink hiked for seven days following Schäffer's route to Maligne Lake as research for their new book *Forgotten Highways: Wilderness Journeys Down the Historic Trails of the Canadian Rockies*. They also followed the trails of David Thompson, Sir George Simpson, and Captain John Palliser. See ‹www.stephenrbown.net›.

Et Cetera

A Hunter of Peace (Reprint of *Old Indian Trails of the Canadian Rockies*) by Mary Schäffer Warren. Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, 1980.

No Ordinary Woman: The Story of Mary Schäffer Warren by Janice Sanford Beck. Rocky Mountain Books, Calgary, 2001.

In *The Beaver*: "Guardians of the Rockies: Beauty, Health and Moral Uplift" by Pearl Ann Reichwein, August/September 1994, and "The Photographs and Travels of Mary Schäffer Warren" by Mark Roth, Winter 1978. Back issues available through TheBeaver.ca.

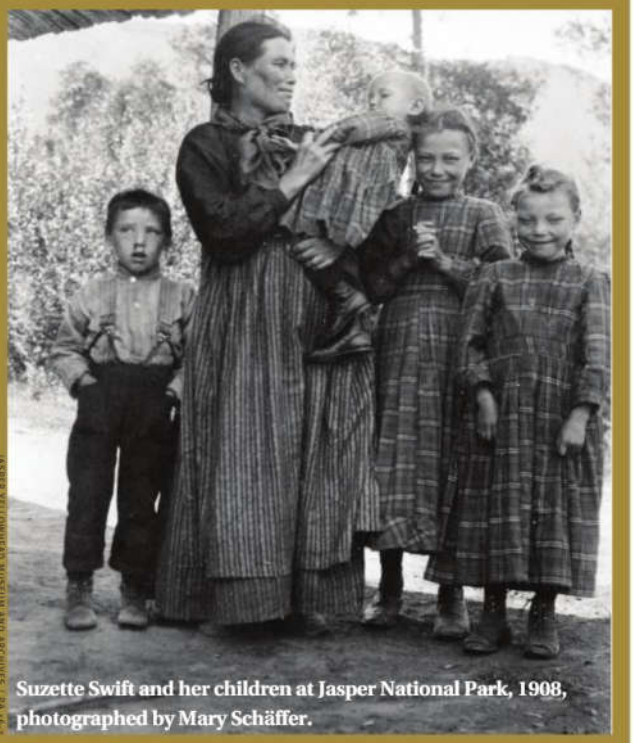
A Swift encounter

The genesis of Mary's mountain woman "look." by Colleen Skidmore

On August 11, 1908, Suzette Swift welcomed Mary Schäffer and Mollie Adams to her home in the Rocky Mountains, west of the Athabasca River, fifteen kilometres north of the town of Jasper. They knew of the Swift homestead from a 1900 map of the Yellowhead Pass. Unable to cross the turbulent Athabasca River with packs on their horses, their guides had sought out the Swifts to help them across with their boat.

Schäffer and Adams departed the next day en route to Mount Robson, but stopped in again for two nights on their return. During their stopover, Suzette Swift showed the two women her exquisite embroidery and garments, including gowns, jackets, and other clothing and adornments. Photographed in the buckskin jacket that she commissioned from Swift that day, Schäffer is transformed, in our view of her today, into an intrepid mountain woman. Describing their meeting, Adams wrote in her diary about their delight in the unexpected display:

> *We camped in a little clearing among poplar trees a short distance from the [Swifts'] shack ... Mrs. Swift came with the baby, eighteen months old, on her back, and the other three children were right there ... After lunch we returned Mrs. S.'s call. She had some very pretty work, silk embroidery on buckskin, in which of course we invested somewhat largely.*



JASPER YELLOWHEAD MUSEUM AND ARCHIVES / PA 46-7

Suzette Swift and her children at Jasper National Park, 1908, photographed by Mary Schäffer.

Suzette Chalifoux Swift (1866–1946) was born in St. Albert, Alberta, an agricultural and missionary settlement north of Edmonton. Her parents, Geneviève Campion and Paul Chalifoux, were Métis from Lesser Slave Lake. They raised Suzette as a Roman Catholic and sent her to St. Albert, to be educated by the Grey Nuns (likely as a day student). Suzette Chalifoux was registered by the Indian Agent in St. Albert, but in 1885, she filed a letter of cessation as a treaty Indian and a certificate of claim as Métis. She is reported to have spoken Cree, French, and English (with a Scottish accent), but left no written traces in the form of letters or other papers. As a young woman, Chalifoux was employed as a domestic servant in Edmonton. In 1895, her first child, Albert Norris, was born, fathered by her employers' son Adolphus Norris. Chalifoux soon moved to another household in Edmonton, where she married Lewis Swift, a trapper and prospector, in 1897.

Lewis Swift (1854–1941) was from Cleveland, arriving in the Jasper Valley in 1892. He established a mixed ranch and gristmill in 1894. Following their marriage, Suzette joined him, working the garden and selling eggs, milk, and potatoes, as well as embroidered buckskin clothing, to travellers and others living or working in the area. Two daughters, Lottie and Ida, and three sons, Dean, James, and Jimmy, were born between 1899 and 1907. (The Swifts also endured the tragic deaths of their two youngest sons.) Suzette and Lewis remained on their homestead until 1936, when they sold the property and moved into Jasper.

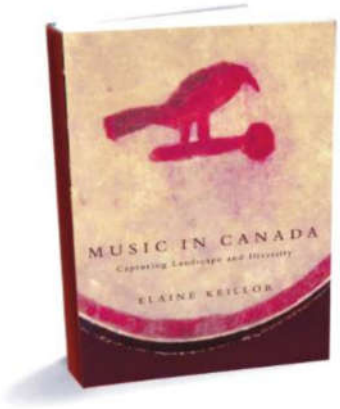
Suzette Swift and Mary Schäffer crossed paths in the Rockies only briefly, but their encounter produced a rich exchange of the goods each produced. Schäffer took a number of photographs of Swift with her children, while Swift embroidered a buckskin jacket for Schäffer. Mollie Adams, in turn, made a lantern slide of Schäffer wearing the jacket. Although Schäffer did not include any photographs of Swift or her jacket in *Old Indian Trails of the Canadian Rockies*, she wrote at some length of Suzette Swift's handiwork, securing Swift's reputation among mountain locals and tourists for the next century:

> *Then Mrs. Swift (oh, we women are all alike!) unearthed a box from beneath her bed and showed us a half dozen gowns made by herself, most of them her bridal finery ... Then came her fancy-work which she did in the short winter days and the long evenings by candle-light, and we began taking a deep interest. She had quantities of silk embroidery on the softest buckskin I have yet seen. Her silks she dyed herself, and her patterns were her own designing. There was a most delicious odour to the skins which she said was through their being tanned by poplar smoke. Gloves, moccasins, and beautiful coats, we took everything and wished she had more.*

Through their handicraft, photography, and writing, Suzette Swift and Mary Schäffer staked a claim for themselves, and the women who followed them, as integral to Rocky Mountain history.

Colleen Skidmore is an associate professor in the Faculty of Arts at the University of Alberta and editor of *This Wild Spirit: Women in the Rocky Mountains of Canada* (University of Alberta Press, 2006).

Reviews



MUSIC SEEN

Music in Canada:
Capturing Landscape and Diversity
by Elaine Keillor
McGill-Queens University Press, Montreal, 2006
512 pp., $59.00 hardcover with CD

This most welcome addition to publications on the history of music in our county is described by the publisher as "the history of Canadian music from the First Peoples to contemporary artists, from classical to pop." It is the first comprehensive history of music in Canada to appear in more than two decades.

Author Elaine Keillor is a well-known pianist and scholar who has been active in many aspects of music in Canada throughout her impressive career. She is currently distinguished research professor at Carleton University's School for Studies in Art and Culture. Dr. Keillor has written extensively in the field of music in Canada. In addition to numerous articles and essays, she is the author of *John Weinzweig: The Radical Romantic of Canada*; has contributed to *Encyclopedia of Music in Canada*, *The Canadian Encyclopedia*, *New Grove Dictionary*, *Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, and *The Garland Encyclopedia of World Music*; and has also edited several volumes of the Canadian Musical Heritage Society publications. Dr. Keillor has also received a number of awards, including the 2004 Helmut Kallmann Award for Distinguished Service, for outstanding contributions in documenting and improving access to resources in Canadian music.

The description on the dust jacket indicates the comprehensive coverage of this long-awaited study: 'Kwak'wakw'wakw welcome songs, an aria from Joseph Quesnel's 1808 opera *Lucas et Cécile*, rubbaboos (a combination of elements from First Peoples, the French, and the English), the Tin Pan Alley hits of Shelton Brooks, and the contemporary work of Claude Vivier and Blue Rodeo all dance together in Canada's rich musical heritage. Elaine Keillor offers an unprecedented history of Canadian musical expressions and its relationship to the country's great cultural and geographic diversity. A survey of "musics" in Canada – the country's multiplicity of musical genres and rich heritage – is complemented by forty-three vignettes highlighting topics such as Inuit throat games, the music of k.d. lang, and orchestras in Victoria. Traversing Canada's geographical landscape to discover corresponding musical landscapes, *Music in Canada* illuminates the past but also looks to the future to examine the context within which Canadian music began and continues to develop.

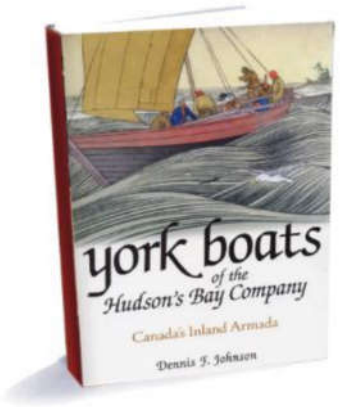
Music in Canada contains fourteen chapters beginning with "Exploring the Sounds of Canada," which sets the tone for the rest of the book. According to the author, "The aim of this book is to trace relationships between production and consumption of musical performances as they have evolved in Canada, and to explore links between these relationships and our conception of and behaviour about musicking ... My historical overview of Canadian musicking is the first history of Canadian music that makes an attempt to at least touch on the full range of sounds that have and are being heard within the borders of the country." There are ten appendices, followed by fifty-eight pages of detailed endnotes, an extensive list of references (print materials, including "Canadian Musical Heritage Society Publications," a few Internet sites, a "Selective Discography," and a "Selective Filmography"), followed by an all-inclusive index.

The book includes an optional CD, *Canadians at the Keyboard*, a compilation of previously unrecorded Canadian music performed and recorded on piano and organ by the author as part of the Carleton Sound Series in 2000. Liner notes tell us, "This recording of all of the works specified for piano that are included in the *Historical Anthology of Canadian Music* covers the period of 1791 to 1939." There are also examples of early hymns and dance music played on the organ.

Music in Canada will be of interest to a wide variety of readers – musicians, professors, and students of both music and Canadian Studies, as well as anyone with an interest in the role of music in Canada. One of its strengths is the inclusion and integration of material on the music of native peoples. This is not surprising given Dr. Keillor's extensive research in this area. When she first joined the faculty at Carleton in the 1970s she introduced the first course in the country to focus on the musical expressions of Canada's native peoples, and she has continued her research in this area throughout her career.

Music in Canada: Capturing Landscape and Diversity is well written, fully documented, and engaging; it provides a fresh approach to the ongoing documentation of the history of music in our country.

Reviewed by **Nancy F. Vogan**, Pickard-Bell Professor of Music at Mount Allison University.



ROLLIN' ON THE RIVER

York Boats of the Hudson's Bay Company: Canada's Inland Armada
By Dennis Johnson
Fifth House Publishers, Calgary, 2006
214 pp., $21.95 paper

All Canadian schoolchildren are taught that the railways opened up western Canada to European settlement. But what about the role played by York boats a century earlier? Dennis Johnson's *York Boats of the Hudson's Bay Company: Canada's Inland Armada* sets the historical record straight and explains how these vessels were central to early Canadian transportation and exploration.

Crewed by aboriginal people, French Canadians, and Orkneymen from Scotland, York boats replaced traditional canoes as an essential means of travel as early as the 1820s and continued in service well into the twentieth century. The primary function of York boats was to ferry supplies and people to the vast interior of Rupert's Land and return with furs and other trading goods destined for the Hudson's Bay Company's London headquarters. Named after the port of York Factory on Hudson Bay, York boats were similar in style to Viking ships and pointed at both ends for ease of manoeuverability. They had a long keel, raked ends, and featured a high bow and stern with flared sides and a flat bottom. Both oars and sails were used for propulsion.

York boats were constructed in various sizes, but the larger ones used on the mainline routes were thirteen metres in length with space for eight rowers. When loaded to capacity with about one hundred pieces of cargo, the combined weight of goods and crew was about 5,500 kilograms. York boat crews poled, sailed, rowed, and portaged along Canada's rivers and inland waterways through every conceivable hardship, including injury, hunger, exhaustion, death, bitter cold, heavy winds, and blinding storms. They provided a vital link between new settlements and between trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company and the outside world.

Johnson, a retired engineer and boating enthusiast, appropriately subtitles the book "Canada's Inland Armada," as this fleet of versatile and reliable vessels was uniquely designed for service in the interior. He eloquently describes how

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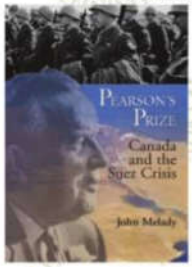

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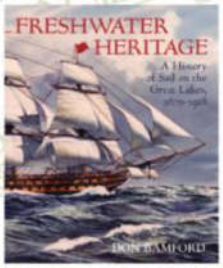

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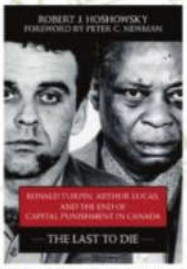

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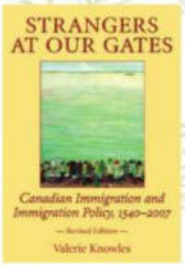

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Reviews

these wooden boats and iron men overcame adversity through skill, strength, and determination to help establish the basis for modern western and northern Canada.

York Boats of the Hudson's Bay Company was initially published in 2005 as *Inland Armada: The York Boats of the Hudson's Bay Company*. The author probably should have reprinted his work in the form of a historical booklet or research paper, because there is really not enough material here for a book. The unfortunate stretching out of the copy to increase the number of pages eventually grates, particularly as there is no shortage of historical facts he could have relied upon to expand the book. For example, Johnson could have included additional details on the linkages between the famous Red River carts and York boats, or elaborated on how York boat crews and other Canadian voyageurs assisted the British in the Nile Expedition of 1884–85.

Although *York Boats* includes a remarkable thirty-five chapters plus appendices, maps, photographs, illustrations, and notes, each chapter contains merely two or three written pages. Many of these chapters should have been joined together to make for smoother reading. There are also only minimal notes accompanying the text; it would have been helpful if Johnson had referenced many more of his claims. On the other hand, the selection of photographs is generally good and they were obtained from a wide range of sources. All images are, unfortunately, only reproduced in black and white.

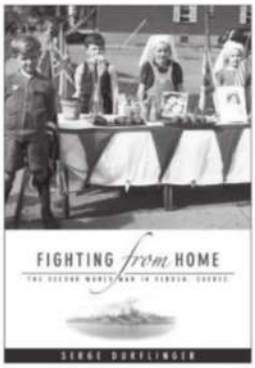
York Boats of the Hudson's Bay Company is the first book to examine York boats at length, and the author should be commended for offering readers this fascinating insight. While the format of the book may be questionable, there is no denying that Johnson has considerable expertise. It is not a scholarly work – nor is it intended to be – but Johnson's breadth of knowledge and passionate writing have combined to create a highly readable and entertaining account of the history of early settlement, exploration, and trade in Canada.

Reviewed by **Gavin Murphy**, an Ottawa lawyer who is currently working in England. He has been a frequent contributor to *The Beaver*.

MORE BOOKS

Georgian Bay Jewel: The Killarney Story
by Margaret E. Derry
Poplar Lane Press, Caledon, Ontario, 2007
270 pp., $49.95 hardcover

Author Margaret E. Derry draws upon her familial roots in Georgian Bay and her background in both art and history to create a vibrant, comprehensive, and loving tome on an area that writer James P. Barry declared Canada's sixth great lake.



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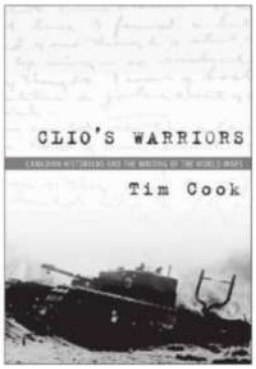

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Tim Cook

For an all-encompassing view of how our military's efforts have helped Canada become the nation it is, this work is a must read.
– Lieutenant Steven Dieter, *The Globe and Mail*

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Rather than give a chronological account of the area, Derry divides the book into three distinct sections, focusing on early history, natural resources, and societal trends. This logical grouping works better than one would expect, since stories are allowed to play out to completion individually, instead of being woven into a complicated and continuous web.

Derry accentuates the beauty of Georgian Bay with her impeccable selection of diverse artwork for this oversized book – historic and contemporary paintings and photos, including some by the author and her family – though the quality of the few maps is uneven.

Georgian Bay Jewel is equal parts visual journey and geographic narrative. It will provide anyone who has visited the area, or plans to do so, with a deeper appreciation and understanding of the natural and societal landscape that makes Georgian Bay a Canadian treasure. **– R.W.**

John Macdonell of Scotus: Correspondence & Papers 1795 to 1856
Edited by Valerie Verity
Heritage Press, Chute-à-Blondeau, Ontario, 2006
222 pp., $32.95 hardcover

Fur Trade Letters of Willie Traill 1864–1894
Edited by K. Douglas Munro
University of Alberta Press, 2007
320 pp., $34.95 paper

Of all the documents scoured by researchers, historians, and biographers, nothing reveals the intimate details of character or the fundamental pains and pleasures of daily life more than personal correspondence. Before telephones – and long before email – letter writing was more than just a way of communicating, it was a finely honed craft that often bordered on art.

Two new books explore the lives of two very different, somewhat obscure men by compiling their letters to family, friends, and business partners. Valerie Verity takes on the daunting volume of mail written by John Macdonell of Scotus, a Highlander, gentleman, and loyal family man who fathered twelve children with his Métis wife and built a mansion on the Ottawa River, which was designated a National Historic Site in 1968 and is now know as Macdonell-William House.

K. Douglas Munro acquaints us with William Edward Traill, a nephew of Susanna Moodie who went from a clerk to a chief trader for the Hudson's Bay Company after heading west from Upper Canada. Readers interested in the fur trade will revel in the details of both the thrills and joys Willie found in his work.

Reading a collection of correspondence requires some work on the reader's part. Not every storyline is resolved, and much must be intuited. Some may even find the voyeuristic nature of reading someone else's mail unnerving. But for those looking to embrace a character and know them on a level fiction or traditional biographies do not allow, both of these books will prove a satisfying investment of time and contemplation. **– R.W.**

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Christopher Moore

The Other Quiet Revolution

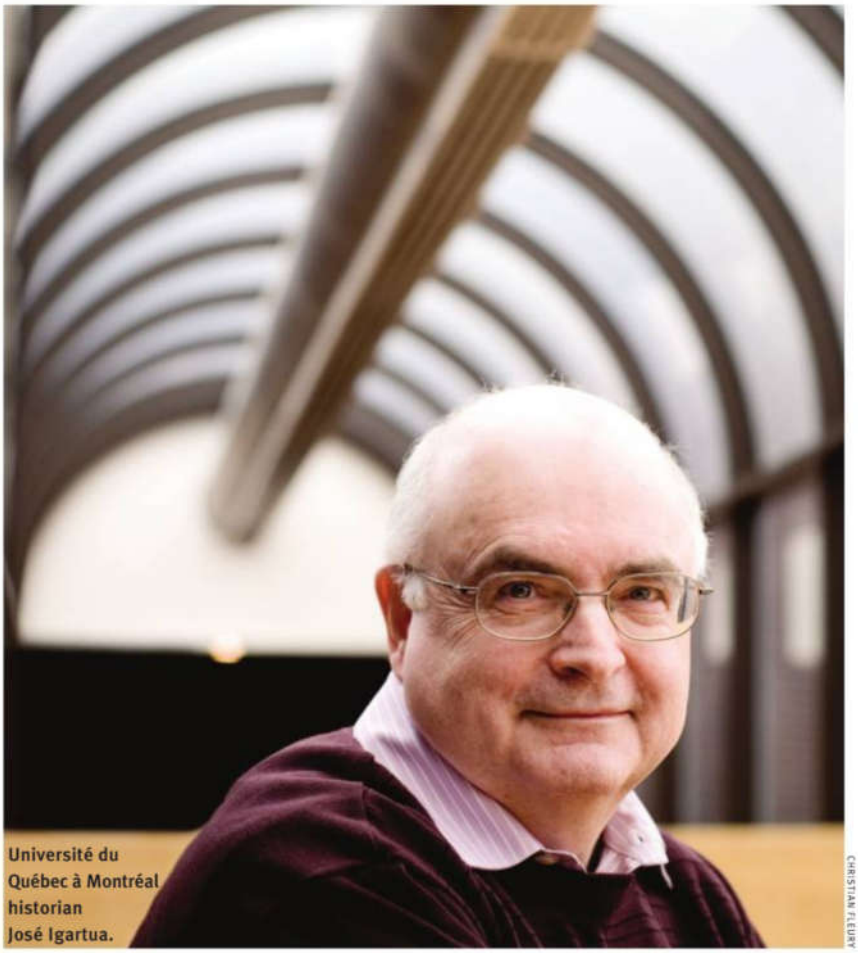
Quebec underwent a cultural metamorphosis in the 1960s, but, notes Quebec historian José Igartua, so too did English Canada.

Years ago I interviewed Louise Dechêne, a fine historian of early New France, and I was surprised by her conviction that the history of New France had been greatly strengthened by the contributions of generations of English-Canadian historians. For sure, Dechêne didn't buy everything her anglophone colleagues had written about early French Canada; she had engaged in some lively polemics with them. But, she told me, that outsiders' gaze had assisted the growth and sophistication of her field of study.

We don't get that so much in English Canada. Quebec has been the top news story in English Canada for about thirty-five years, you might say. As a result, most of us should know *something* about Quebec. But in Quebec the top story has always been Quebec. I suspect Quebeckers don't give nearly as much scrutiny to us as we have given to them. And if no one but us takes an interest in English Canada's history, we lose that stimulating scrutiny from interested outsiders.

José Igartua, a historian at the Université du Québec à Montréal, thinks English-Canadian history needs some outsiders looking at it. Despite his Spanish Basque name (his father's roots were Puerto Rican), Igartua grew up in French in small-town Quebec in the 1950s and 1960s. ("Like many others, I had English teachers who could not speak English," he says.) All his historical work until now has been on Quebec's own history and written in French.

In his new book, Igartua has turned to English Canada and set out to write in English about an aspect of English Canada's history he finds profound enough to inspire his title, *The Other Quiet Revolution*. He thinks English Canada went through a revolution largely invisible to English Canada's own historians.



Université du Québec à Montréal historian José Igartua.

CHRISTIAN FLEURY

"It arose from a seminar I teach," he told me recently, "in which we read English-Canadian as well as Québécois historians. I could see that [English-Canadian] historians had paid attention to regional identities, to labour and class, to gender issues, even to culture more recently. But the concept of nation, of Canada as a British nation, that was not a question for historians."

The "Britishness" of English Canada could be a daunting subject, suggesting a thousand avenues for research. Igartua confined himself mostly to the 1950s and 1960s and to evidence from parliamentary debates, textbooks, newspapers, and opinion polls.

Igartua quickly became skeptical of the widespread English-Canadian assumption that Canada had shaken its political and cultural dependence on Britain soon after the First World War. He is impressed with the Britishness of English Canada right up into the 1960s, particularly in the vigour with which efforts to assert distinctly Canadian interests were resisted within English Canada. Something as seemingly

natural as Canadian citizenship was introduced only in 1947, and even that change was controversial enough that all the privileges of British subjects were preserved, while simultaneous proposals for a "Canada Day" and a national flag were quickly abandoned.

To establish the strength of English Canada's conviction, well into the 1960s, that Canada was and should be British, Igartua cites fulsome salutes to the Queen and the monarchy, parliamentary celebrations of the superiority of British immigrants, press salutes of the racial characteristics of the British, and proud descriptions of Canadians being "of the breed" – the British breed.

We need outsiders to point out things to which we might be blind or with which we might be uncomfortable. But I'm not sure every invocation of the "British tradition" is proof that "ethnic" nationalism prevailed in British English-Canada.

Canada's nineteenth-century reformers, I knew, often used British traditions – the right to self-government, the responsibility of governments to legislatures – as arguments with which to challenge and erode British colonial authority. Politicians from Robert Baldwin to Mackenzie King drew concepts from British political history to advance a nationalist political agenda. Was not that as much "civic" (political) nationalism as "ethnic" identification?

To clinch my case, I mentioned the many francophone politicians who also advocated British parliamentary forms for their Canadian ambitions. George-Étienne Cartier, Wilfrid Laurier, Louis St. Laurent, and others invoked "British" liberties or denounced attacks on French in Canada as "anti-British." It did not make them ethnically British, I suggested to Igartua.

"They would have liked to be!" he retorted. And there we stuck. I still suspect the "British" claims of non-British Canadians like Wilfrid Laurier or John Diefenbaker were intended to advance a political ideology rather than a blood loyalty.

Igartua is surely right, however, about the end of Britishness as a ruling concept in English Canada, and about the rapidity of the change in the 1960s. Britain's Suez adventure of 1956 is now universally recalled as folly, but Igartua reminds us that in 1956 there was heated opposition in Canada to the government's efforts to distance Canada from the British debacle. By the mid-1960s, such invocations to British allegiance had largely vanished. Hostility to the adoption of a "non-British" Canadian flag and other national identifiers soon became an unpopular minority opinion.

Igartua is impressed by the speed with which English Canada "shed its definition of itself as British and adopted a new stance as a civic nation, that is, without ethnic particularities, and erected this as the Canadian model." The speed of the change is one of the things that reminds him of Quebec's Quiet Revolution, which happened about the same time.

Igartua's book is about English Canada, not a sustained comparison between it and Quebec. But he thinks that the changes in Quebec played a key role in stimulating English Canada's re-examination of itself. And he suspects that English Canada's "Quiet Revolution" was of "similar magnitude in the cultural changes it wrought" to the more famous one in Quebec.

Quebec's Quiet Revolution of the 1960s surely ran deep. A society whose ruling values were hostile to much that the modern world represented suddenly embraced modernity. As French-Canadians became Québécois, "rural, Catholic, and folkloric" abruptly gave way to "urban, secular, and sophisticated" as the identifiers of choice for Quebec's self-image. (On the other hand, I spoke with Igartua just after Mario Dumont's success in the Quebec election of March 2007, and he noted how it had given new impetus to debates among his colleagues about the enduring strength of what they sometimes call "le Québec profond" in regions outside Montreal.)

Was the dropping of Britishness in English-Canada's self-image of comparable importance? English Canadians, one might say, always aspired to follow the leaders. We may have shed our British ties when Britain itself ceded political and cultural leadership in the world, but it might not have been a choice so fraught with risk and anxiety.

Or perhaps that's just what an insider would say, which is why it was stimulating to listen to a Quebec scholar raising an outsider's fresh questions and observations to challenge and unsettle English Canada a little.

I asked José Igartua if his book might signal a trend toward "English-Canada studies" among Quebec scholars. He laughed. "You could say it has doubled… because there was one other person doing that, and now there is also me. But no, it is not really a trend." Too bad.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *The Beaver*.

The Other Quiet Revolution: National Identities in English Canada, 1945-71 by José E. Igartua was published by UBC Press in 2006.

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Getaway

The Halifax harbour at night.

CORBIS

Along the Waterfront

Andria Hill takes a walk through the harbour area of Halifax, Nova Scotia, to uncover the source of its rich artistic and architectural heritage.

Although more synonymous with the military, Halifax's waterfront offers a surprisingly rich cultural scene. Historically, it has been a destination for performers and writers such as Oscar Wilde and Charles Dickens. Today, it continues to bubble with creative energy and a burgeoning entertainment industry and artistic community.

A good starting point is Pier 21, famous as a portal through which one million immigrants passed between 1928 and 1977, half of them during World War II. Many have since added their cultural contributions to the area. Refurbished and reopened as a museum to nationhood and immigration, Pier 21 features a self-guided interpretive centre, a resource centre, a gift shop, and a performance venue, and offers curriculum-based workshops for schools in the areas of nation building, citizenship, multiculturalism, and Canadian heritage.

The area is undergoing extensive renovations while it continues, on a seasonal basis, to serve as a busy port-of-call for cruise ships. Pier 23 recently got a new lease on life as the Cunard Centre, named after Samuel Cunard, the shipping magnate and philanthropist. Born in Halifax in 1787 after his parents fled the American Revolution, Cunard was proprietor of his own general store at seventeen. Although a ferry service had operated between Halifax and Dartmouth since 1752, the entrepreneur co-founded the Steam Boat Company in 1839 to provide steam-powered vessels. The following year, Cunard Steamship Lines established the first regular passenger and cargo service between England and Nova Scotia. His name lives on in the Cunard Line, part of Carnival Line cruises.

Take a stroll north along Pier 20, where the Halifax Harbourwalk begins. Large windowless buildings on the left are former hydro generating stations, now home to a fine arts gallery and, at 35,000 square feet, Atlantic Canada's largest soundstage, housing film and television production studios. Seedy wharves where privateers and merchants plied their trades over two centuries have been transformed into condominiums, shops, boutiques, galleries, restaurants, and outdoor performance venues where international buskers entertain summer visitors.

At the far end of the Harbourwalk is Historic Properties, a collection of warehouses and wharves started shortly after the arrival in 1749 of Halifax's founder, Sir Edward Cornwallis, to support the trade necessary to sustain and expand the community. With the gradual decline in transportation of goods by sea, the area suffered. The derelict buildings and wharves were in danger of being demolished in the late 1960s in the interests of "urban renewal." Thanks to the efforts of a few far-sighted citizens, the area, which houses ten of the oldest buildings

in Halifax, was restored and has once again become a thriving centre for merchants, restaurateurs, artists, and their patrons.

Here, on Fairbanks Wharf, stands the Red Store, once used by the military for storage, and converted to a theatre in 1813. Behind it stands Privateers' Warehouse, a large stone building dating from the late 1700s, once used for the purpose its name implies. It is now a popular nightspot for local performers and touring bands.

Next is the passageway to the Granville Mall. Used in the nineteenth century by merchants to store and sell their goods, it is now home to the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (NSCAD) and a collection of boutiques, galleries, and restaurants. Seeds for NSCAD were sown in 1887 by Anna Leonowens, best known as a teacher in the court of the King of Siam, when she helped to start the Victoria College of Art and Design.

A short distance from the Granville Market, down Duke Street and right onto Hollis, is the former Customs House, now the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, which, like NSCAD, had humble beginnings. Its first home in 1966 was a former powder magazine in the Halifax Citadel.

Farther along Hollis, at Province House, is a statue to Joseph Howe (1804–1873), a journalist and newspaper editor most famous for defending himself successfully in 1835 against a charge of libel made by the Crown for a letter he published, accusing the magistrates of mismanaging finances and municipal affairs. Although Howe did not write the letter, the act of publishing it was sufficient to have him charged with seditious libel by the magistrates. Long before Ontario and Quebec, Halifax produced its first newspaper in 1752 and a series of literary magazines, including two – *The Mayflower* and *The Provincial* – that were edited by women, May Eliza Herbert and Mary Jane Katzmann.

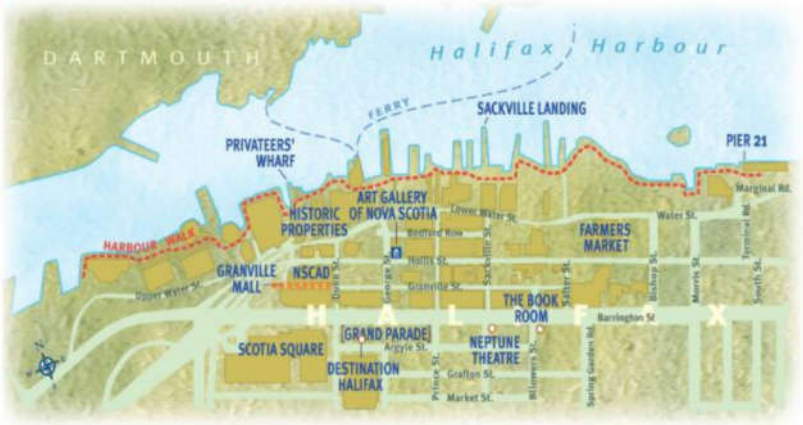
Uphill toward Barrington Street, shops, nightclubs, and performance venues abound. The area is undergoing renewal after almost disappearing with the advent of suburban shopping malls in the 1960s.

At the corner of Blowers Street stands the Book Room – the city's oldest bookstore and a popular spot for book launches and signings. Nearby, on Argyle Street, stood the Pontac Hotel, an eighteenth-century hotel. Though long gone, in 1787 it was the venue where officers of the garrison performed *The West Indian of Richard Cumberland,* the first play produced in Halifax. Two years later, the Grand Theatre (or Theatre Royal) was built here.

None of these buildings remain, but culture flourishes. Argyle Street today is home to the Neptune Theatre, the city's first professional theatre. Eclectic, unique bars and restaurants along the street host Bohemian nightlife in summer months and are popular haunts for writers, actors, and musicians all year round.

Andria Hill's mother and brother passed through Pier 21 in 1944 on their way to a new life in Toronto. Hill fell in love with Halifax during a 1978 visit and has made her home there since 1985.

If you go ...



DAWN HUCK

Halifax is easy to reach by land, air, rail, and sea. The train station and bus depot are both beside the Westin Hotel on Hollis Street in downtown Halifax, right in front of Pier 21. On your way into the city, you will find it helpful to pick up a map and a copy of the *Doers and Dreamers Guide* at the Visitor Information Centre in the airport, which is open year round.

The Halifax International Airport is just off Hwy 102, which is also the main highway to Truro, Cape Breton, New Brunswick, and points west. Take the 102 to Exit 0, which will bring you out on Joseph Howe Drive. Turn right, travel to the Armdale Rotary (and remember that traffic in the rotary has right-of-way), and take the third exit off the Rotary – that's Quinpool Road.

Follow Quinpool to Spring Garden and turn left. At Barrington Street, turn right and go to South Street. At Hollis Street, turn left and take the first right onto Marginal Road. Follow the signs to Pier 21, where you'll find plenty of parking and the start of your walking tour.

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Your Story

Our Historian

Jason Rip looks at the life and legacy of London's Chris Doty.

Chris and I stood over the Donnelly gravestone at midnight on the 125th anniversary of the murders. For those unfamiliar with this gruesome tale, five members of "The Black Donnellys" of Biddulph Township, Middlesex County, Ontario, were laid low by their fellow parishioners in the early morning hours of February 4, 1880. They were bludgeoned to death by a mob of forty vigilantes as retaliation for what was seen as years of criminal activity (barn burning, horse mutilation, etc.) It is now generally perceived that although they were by no means free of guilt, the extent of their crimes had and has been grossly exaggerated. History now sees them as victims of mob hysteria.

I played the part of James Carroll, Lucan town constable and head of the vigilante mob that dispatched the Donnelly family, in Chris's play *The Donnelly Trial*, which he meticulously pieced together out of the original trial transcripts and which enjoyed a sold-out run at the old London and Middlesex Courthouse last summer.

The Donnelly Trial debuted in the Lucan Community Centre where, no doubt, descendants of the original vigilantes sat in silent witness of the proceedings (in reality, Carroll and the rest were acquitted of all charges). This was a brave endeavour considering that, until recently, the massacre was a taboo topic among the locals. "Best left unsaid" was the general mindset. Chris envisioned his play as a mass tourism draw that would be to London, Ontario, what *Anne of Green Gables* is to PEI. It is reported that the Lucan audience released a vast collective gasp when the actor playing Will Donnelly hobbled in on his feigned club foot. This gasp was 125 years in the making, and Chris was the ringmaster, bringing a community face to face with its past.

London playwright and historian Chris Doty in period costume.

LUKE MATTAR PHOTOGRAPHY

Chris and I also worked on *The Lost Soul Stroll*, a Halloween ghost walk that profiled the macabre side of London history, and *Citizen Marc*, a biographical account of the London years of prominent marijuana activist Marc Emery. Chris had a special friendship with Marc Emery, who was flown in for the gala premiere of *Citizen Marc*.

This play did not, nor could not, match the overwhelming financial success of *The Donnelly Trial*. Though both Chris and I admire Marc greatly for his force of conviction, he is an exceptionally divisive figure. Marc, however, told Chris he loved the play. It was still on the boards on the night that I found Chris.

Chris was a master promoter and had the Midas touch when it came to getting "butts in seats," as we say in the trade, but he took to theatre only during his last few years, first as a critic, then as founder of the Brickenden Awards for Theatrical Excellence (the local Tonys), and finally as a producer. During the last week of his life, Chris was overworked (The Brickenden Awards were two days before his death) and paradoxically elated and disappointed at the same time.

He chose the anniversary of the Donnelly Massacre to take his own life. Chris Doty, London, Ontario's pre-eminent historian, was only thirty-nine. The Donnelly connection is an eerie one, as is the fact that Chris had written extensively about hangings – the method he chose to end his life. The paramedics assured us that he did not suffer; he knew exactly what to do.

There has been much sorrow and much anger, but no consensus as to why. Speculation is an idle exercise. For whatever reasons, Chris decided he'd had enough. One can only lament the dozens

of documentaries that will go unmade and the hole that's been left as Chris has gone off to join history. I suspect that he found much recognition in life but little true happiness. Of course, there is a bitter and perplexing aftermath, and for those of us who knew him and worked with him, it becomes a question of what we choose to remember.

His prodigious output as a maker of historical documentaries stands as his primary legacy. London was his base and his passion, and Chris earned his living probing the cobwebby corners of his community's past. "Slippery," the fugitive sea lion that escaped from his tank at the local children's zoo and swam all the way to Sandusky, Ohio, in June 1958; the Flood of '37; The Grand Theatre; Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians – these were the people and events that made Chris's heart sing, a fact evident in his award-winning website <DotyDocs.com>, which delivers Chris's stories to a global audience. His film *Vagabonds & Visionaries* is a short summary of London's history from John Graves Simcoe's visit to the forks of the Thames River up until the present. It is the story of a city.

He was the man to go to for historical fact checking and quick quips about the past, and regional media made extensive use of his expertise. The *London Free Press* wrote: "This incisive, opinionated dynamo is earning a national reputation for some first-rate documentaries recounting little-known tales."

The Donnelly Trial was performed for the second year in a row in June 2006, this time as a benefit for the Christopher Doty Foundation, which aims to provide a bursary for some worthy young person to study history. We sit around in our period costumes and newly cultivated beards waiting to testify before a jury of audience members, each of whom has paid a premium price to influence the outcome of the proceedings. There likely won't be an empty seat in the house, but if there is – it's reserved for Chris.

Jason Rip is an actor, playwright, and teacher from London, Ontario. He collaborated with the late Chris Doty on several theatrical projects.

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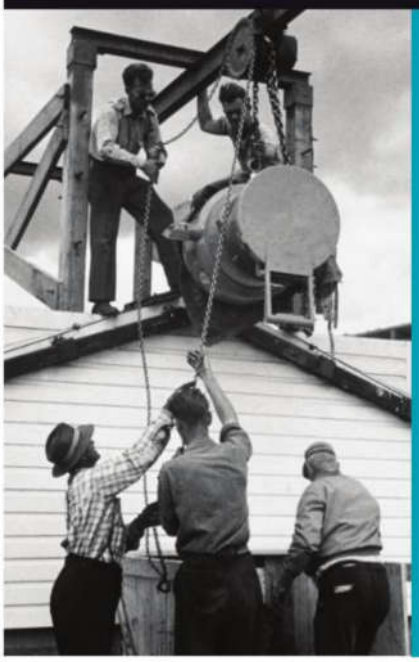

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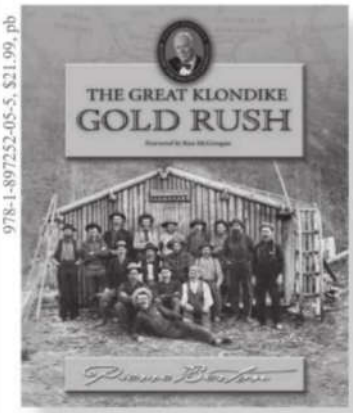

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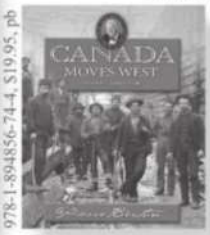

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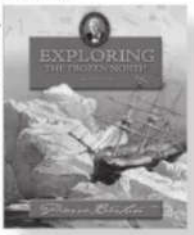

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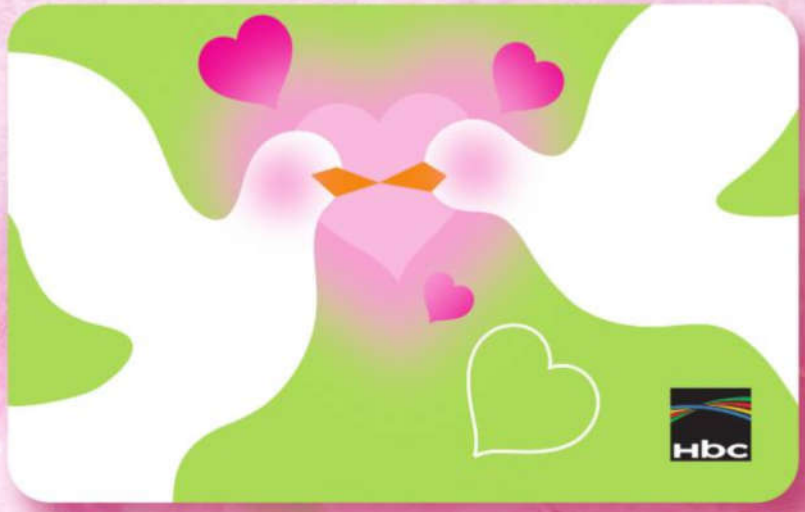

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Celebrating our Stories

History Society Annual Report 2006

Message from the President & CEO

THOMAS FRICKE

Mark Reid, new editor at *The Beaver* magazine; and Deborah Morrison, President and CEO.

One of the great privileges in being president of the History Society is that each year I meet an ever growing and more diverse range talented historians, educators, media producers, and community volunteers through the awards programs and conferences we support. I am always astounded by the depth and passion of people's interest in celebrating and commemorating Canada's stories. Their experiences are a constant source of inspiration for our work to raise greater awareness for Canada's past.

All of us at the History Society share a tremendous responsibility to ensure that our flagship product, *The Beaver* magazine, continues to be a mainstay in Canadian homes for generations to come. At a time when many magazine giants such as *Life, Saturday Night*, and *TV Guide* have closed and still others are struggling to find new ground on an increasingly digital terrain, this is by no means an easy task. But it is one we accept proudly, with good measures of commitment and dedication.

Like our readers, our staff members are passionate about the choices we make for our magazines and programs. Indeed, one of the greatest challenges I have as president is ensuring that there is always enough time and resources to test the many ideas they come up with. This passion and personal investment has and continues to be *The Beaver* and the History Society's greatest strength.

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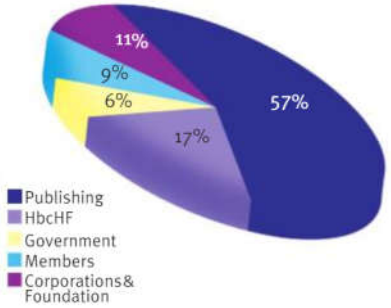
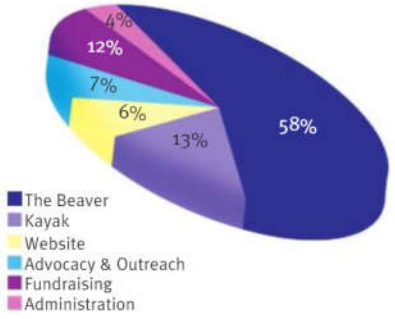
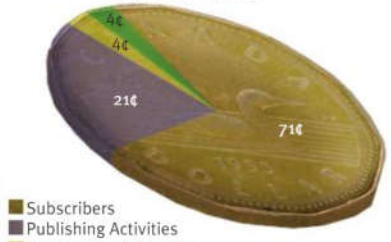


2006 History Society Expenditures



For every dollar spent at *The Beaver*



Doug Whiteway, provides a great example of this. He is perhaps best loved as the humorous voice behind many of our shorter stories and our signature department "Take the Day Off." He's taken on every role and challenge the magazine had to offer, including the editorship over this past year. But after nine years with us, he has decided it's time to focus on the opportunities he has outside of the magazine, as partner in a book publishing firm, and becoming even more prolific as C.C. Benison, mystery-writer. You will continue to see his handiwork in upcoming pages of *The Beaver*, notably the August-September feature of the "Ten Worst Canadians" and our year-end tribute to "Four Centuries of Canadian Cuisine." We hope from time to time he will contribute beyond that. But for now, we wish him well with his future plans and owe him a debt of gratitude for his many contributions to our current success.

The Beaver gives voice to the full range of academic, professional, and personal writers and contributors with a passion for our history. This eclectic mix of story-telling is what our readers have grown to love most about this magazine. Because of it, *The Beaver* has set itself apart from other magazines, reading like a running conversation among all sorts of Canadians about our storied past.

The past few years have been ones of significant growth and transition at the History Society as we've worked to engage a younger, broader range of readers in the dialogue. *The Beaver* has led this evolution, adding more colour, more images, and a new approach to the stories we share with our readers. In 2006, our efforts were rewarded with a record-breaking year for magazine award nominations – seven in total, including two national nominations for art and illustration and newsstand performance, and two Gold Awards at the Western Magazine Awards.

Just as importantly, we have focused on improving the financial performance of the magazine without compromising any of its editorial quality. Subscription sales and renewals remained stable, with the majority of the magazine's growth in total paid circulation coming from newsstand sales. *The Beaver* achieved an impressive gain of 70% in total volume of newsstand sales in 2006, more than doubling its net revenues.

> *The Beaver* achieved an impressive gain of **70%** in total volume of newsstand sales in 2006, more than doubling its net revenues.

Bringing new audiences together

Even with its many strengths *The Beaver* cannot be expected to serve all audiences. Identifying an opportunity to reach young families and cultivate a new generation of *Beaver* readers, *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids* was first launched in

THOMAS FRICKE

Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids was first launched in 2004. *Kayak* continues to find its place in a challenging marketplace, doubling its English subscription base in 2006 to the current level of **5,800** subscribers.

2004. *Kayak* continues to find its place in a challenging marketplace, doubling its English subscription base in 2006 to the current level of 5,800 subscribers. A French version of *Kayak* is also produced and distributed free of charge as a supplement for the more than 40,000 francophone subscribers to *Les Débrouillards* thanks to the partnerships of Hbc and Les Éditions Les Débrouilllards.

The History Society has concentrated its resources on the development of the print publication these first two years, but today's web-savvy young readers also expect their magazines to be well supported with additional content and inter-activities online. As such, 2007 will see the implementation of a dual-track Internet plan that will provide more online support services and interactive content for both educators and our young readers.

This integrated approach to program development is also evident in the two newest education and outreach initiatives of the History Society. Great West Life and Canadian Heritage provide the financial assistance for two new bi-monthly digital newsletters that link our magazine stories to classroom curricula we introduced last fall. KIT (Kayak Information for Teachers) and BITEs (Beaver Information for Teachers and Educators) provide free access to selected articles from the pages of our magazines, both current and archival. The newsletters also offer one-click shopping for carefully researched weblinks and teacher-tested lesson plans to make it easier for teachers to integrate fresh new teaching strategies into their plans.

Secondly, a new small-grants program was developed to support local history and heritage activities. The Hbc Local History Grants Program will provide easy access to up to $1,000 for small museums, historical societies, and educational programs to spark new projects such as tours, exhibits, lecture series, and websites.

The Hbc was a key contributor in another 2006 project. Over 17,000 CD sampler copies of Fur Trade Stories.ca were distributed to schools and the broader public, including 6,000 copies which were "tipped on" to the newsstand copies of the Dec/Jan issue of *The Beaver*. The CD was developed to promote a new bilingual website featuring artifacts and archival documents from the Hbc collections now housed in Winnipeg.

Passages

THOMAS FRICKE

Beginning with the next issue, **Mark Reid** joins the History Society as editor of *The Beaver*. Most recently the assistant news editor at CanWest News Service in Winnipeg, Mark is a graduate of both Dalhousie University and the University of King's College, with extensive experience as a journalist and editor in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Alberta, and Manitoba. His editorial background includes co-ordinating and executing national news coverage for CanWest's 11 major dailies, which have a combined circulation of more than 1.4 million readers; overseeing the development and launch of the University of Calgary's award-winning weekly newspaper; and editing *OnCampus Quarterly* magazine, distributed to 30,000 university employees, donors, and affiliates.

Dorothy Bosma began working in the editorial unit of *The Beaver* while it was still owned and operated by the Hudson's Bay Company. Her relentless pursuit of elusive photo images, and her ability to charm the most hardened of archival guardians to help us, became legendary. After more than 15 years of service, Dorothy has decided to retire from the History Society. We will miss her terribly but wish her and her family every joy with the adventures that lie ahead.

The Right Honourable Michaëlle Jean and award recipient Greg Miyanaga at Rideau Hall.

CP; ISSA PARE, RIDEAU HALL

Recognizing Achievement in Canadian History

For more than a decade, the History Society has produced Canada's top honours in Canadian history. The Pierre Berton Award has celebrated the best of Canadian history writing on radio and television as well as in print. The 2006 Award was presented to author Ken McGoogan at the National History Conference in Vancouver, B.C., in October in front of an estimated 150 teachers, historians and community activists in attendance.

One hundred and fourteen educators have been presented at Rideau Hall for the Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History. Last November, seven of those teachers were honoured with a special ceremony at Rideau Hall and a private luncheon with Her Excellency, the Right Honourable Michaëlle Jean. For the first time in its history, the award events also featured a stop on Parliament Hill, where recipients were given official recognition by the Speaker in the House of Commons and hosted by the Minister of Canadian Heritage to a reception with their MPs.

But the fuel for all of our efforts comes from you – our generous readers, members, and financial contributors. The History Society welcomed two new corporate contributors: TD Bank Financial Group as the presenting sponsor for the Governor General's Awards, and Molson's. In 2006, donation revenues increased by 5.6% over the prior year. Although corporate contributions are important to our program development, it is our members who ensure the sustainability of our continuing operations. In total, History Society members gave $178,675 providing 16.5% of our annual donations.

Thanks to your continued support, the History Society has been able to reach new audiences, develop new partnerships, and establish new benchmarks for extending the brand of *The Beaver*, its most enduring product to date. The year ahead is already proving to be one of consolidation for the History Society, with a timely opportunity to re-evaluate our strategies for continued growth in both the publishing and public history fields within which we operate. As we develop our plans for pursuing these possibilities, we hope that our members will continue to be as supportive as they have always been. Now, more than ever, your investments will ensure that we continue to make history.

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Honour Roll 2006

Each year, Canada's National History Society makes an appeal for annual donations to support its current programs and the development of new ones. These annual funds provide stability for our core programs and enable the History Society to seize unexpected opportunities. This year's fundraising efforts realized a total of $1,080,439 in charitable contributions from our members, corporations, foundations, and Provincial and Federal governments. The History Society extends a special thanks to all of our donors for their generosity. Gifts of $50 or more have been recognized in this Honour Roll.

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Album

Wayne Jackson, who submitted this photograph, is the great-great-great nephew of Altha May (Jackson) Ferris, the mother of Robert Ferris. He lives in Ottawa, Ontario.

The village barber

In spring of 1897, Robert Ferris cuts the hair of his nephew, Richard Ferris, watched by the Post sisters, Emily and Ann, on bicycles. Waiting their turn are Richard's brothers Cornelius, Roy, and Charles. The location is Normandale, Ontario, near Turkey Point on the shores of Lake Erie, a fishing village that in the early nineteenth century had been a manufacturing and commercial centre, thanks to bog iron deposits once found in nearby marshes. Growing up, the Ferris brothers don't stray far from their roots. Richard becomes a fish buyer and a storeowner in Normandale; Charles becomes a fisherman; and both Roy and Cornelius make their livings as guides to the hunters attracted not to bog iron deposits of the marshes, but to the abundant wildlife.

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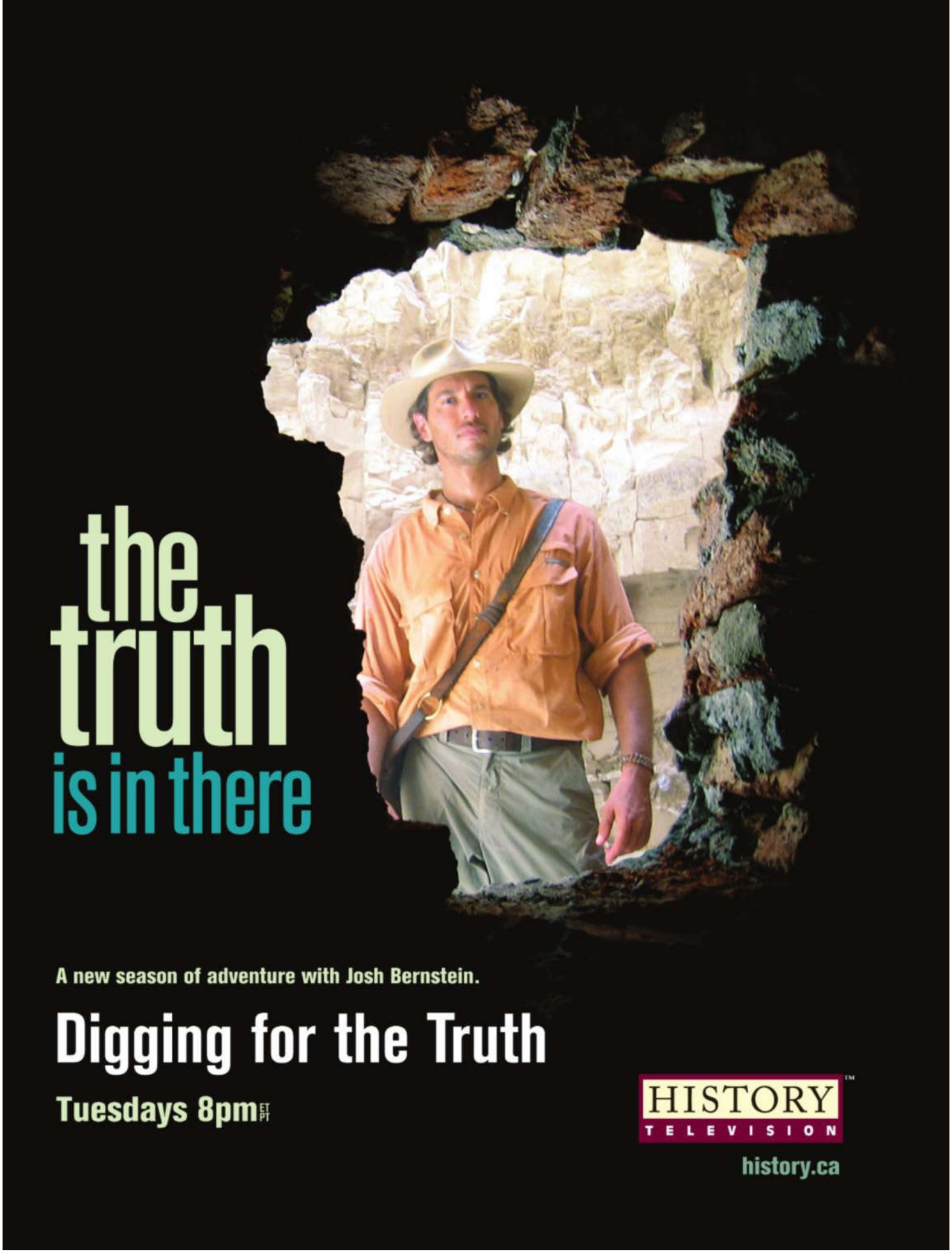

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